

The Brig Boys

by Barton Lewis



CHAPTER ONE

“The anchor’s coming up!” Randy exclaimed, but most of his attention was focused on his stiff cock shoved deep in the sailor’s throat.

Carl mumbled something around the huge, thick prick that his lips were molded around. The precum on his tongue was sweet, and he increased his efforts to tap the load from the new stud sailor who had just reported aboard.

“Man, you got a hot mouth! Grab my balls and pull ’em, sailor! Take it all, sailor!” Randy ordered.

Carl choked, impaled on the biggest, stiffest cock he had ever tackled, but there was still at least an inch of thick prick that he couldn’t take.

He seized Randy’s heavy balls, loaded with cum soon to be his gift, and pulled down as he was instructed. The balls were moist from his saliva, and his thick fingers caressed them teasingly. Randy’s thick bush of blond pubic hair tickled his nose, but still he couldn’t get all that prick into his anxious mouth. He had to come up for air.

Reluctantly he pulled up, twisting his head and following his mouth with his hand gripping Randy’s steely prickshaft. He gasped for air around the broad cockhead.

“Man, I’m sure glad I found you, Carl.” Randy grinned down at the panting young man kneeling at his feet. “This is going to be a long cruise, I guess, and I really need to get my nuts off at least once a day.”

Carl looked enthusiastic but was still gasping for breath.

“I didn’t know guys could do that—make it feel so fuckin’ good. Do you really like to do it?” Randy asked.

“Sure do, man,” Carl panted. “Anytime you want...” His promise was interrupted by Randy’s prick pushing deep into his throat again.

“I want it right now, buddy!” Randy gasped. “Suck that fuckin’ cock! I want to shoot my load in your mouth, OK? There ain’t much time. And I want to see San Francisco Bay as we leave it behind!”

The gentle splashing of the waves against the bow of the ponderous US Navy carrier USS Folsom was becoming louder in the fo’c’sle gun shack, a big closet for cleaning gear for the guns mounted that were on the deck outside. The bow began to rise and fall, pitching gently in the swell coming through the Golden Gate as the huge ship picked up speed. But neither man in the gun shack heard the sea whisperings or felt the pitching. Another wave was building, and that was between the legs of the husky blond sailor bracing himself against a stack of mooring cables.

“Oh, man, yeah, take it all, buddy! Your hot mouth and raspin’ tongue have got me goin’,” Randy groaned.

He grasped the struggling curly head in both paws, pulling Carl hard against his thrusting groin. Carl thrilled to the rough treatment and gripped Randy’s taut ass cheeks with both his fists, finally managing to sink the entire cockshaft and prickhead in his throat. His own throbbing cock was soaking his best denims with pre-cum but that wasn’t important.

He wanted Randy’s load!

Randy began to moan as he felt a rush starting in his feet and spreading up the thickly muscled legs to his balls which were tensing in the moist fingers of the cocksucker. His huge prick swelled even larger as he prepared to blast off.

“Oh, yeah, take it... thick cum in your mouth, baby... goin’ to shoot! Ahhhh!”

Carl gurgled happily as the first warm spurt of man cream jetted into his parched throat.

“Fuckin’ hot mouth... sucking me... blowin’ my rigid rod right here on the carrier! Take it all, man!”

And Carl did, choking but gamely swallowing the spurting flood, sweet and salty like the sea splashing the bow outside. Randy’s big cock had grown even larger as his prick discharged its thick load, throbbing and jerking powerfully in Carl’s welcoming throat. Randy was rough and violent, fucking his huge prick deep in Carl’s clenching throat, but that added to the fantasy for Carl. Even as the spurts continued to drench his tonsils, his own stiff cock jerked and spurted its own cream into his tight denims and he groaned with the added climax.

Carl dimly felt the trembling in the massive thighs and solid buttocks as the sailor gave his all. Then gradually the tension drained and the cum spurts lessened. Soon the muscular sailor sagged heavily against the coiled heavy lines. Carl held Randy's thick cock in his mouth as long as his own orgasm continued, but then that, too, tapered off.

Carl looked up adoringly at Randy. The big sailor's eyes were closed for a moment, but then they opened and looked down in confusion at the kneeling gunner's mate who still savored the drooping prick between his lips.

"God," Randy breathed, "that's a blow job! I never thought anything could feel that good, or that a guy could ever take my cock all the way in his throat."

Carl finally released the shrinking meat and grinned happily. "It's a challenge, I'll admit! What a fuckin' horse-dick, sailor! Next time I want that up my ass!"

Randy stared at Carl, unbelieving. "Up your ass? Do you do that, too?"

Carl chuckled as he rose smoothly to his feet. "Just try me, sailor! How about right now?" Randy's prick hung limply from his blond, hairy crotch, but his cock gave a little twitch at Carl's suggestion. Even then, soft and drained, his prick was a couple of inches thick and nearly six inches long.

"Uh, gee, I'd like to but can we wait until we get out of the harbor? I'd really like to see the Golden Gate Bridge as we sail under it."

"Sure, man. I got to change my dungarees anyway," Carl answered with a smile as he dropped his cum-soaked pants. "I've got another pair here in the shack just for this purpose."

Randy's eyes widened as they fixed on Carl's round, creamy, turned-up ass as Carl stripped. Randy was used to naked sailors, but now things were different somehow, especially when he thought about shoving his cock between those white ass mounds. He could imagine how hot and tight it would be—his cock began lengthening again.

Carl could see the boy's uncertainty and also the swelling of that powerful prick. His asshole tingled with desire. Randy's eyes fixed on Carl's firm ass cheeks hesitantly.

Carl turned and opened the shack door which opened out onto the gun deck below the most forward part of the flight deck. No one was there since the crew was either involved in the work of getting under way, or topside for the best view of the sun-drenched San Francisco Bay. From the vantage point of the fo'c'sle, the Golden Gate Bridge loomed bright red and dead ahead as viewed under the overhanging flight deck.

"There it is!" Randy cried excitedly. He started to walk out on the deck until he suddenly remembered that his pants were down on the deck and his cock was exposed to the world.

Carl grinned at the youthful enthusiasm. He got an idea. "Randy, maybe we can do both."

"Huh?"

Carl slipped off his pants and walked out on the gundeck, pulling Randy behind him. Randy shuffled as rapidly as possible, hampered by the dungarees, and then managed to slip out of them, leaving them in a heap on the deck behind. The gray-painted guns stood stark on the empty deck as the Golden Gate Bridge gradually drew nearer.

They stood side by side, watching the majestic bridge approach for a moment. Randy was spellbound, but Carl, who had seen the sight many times before, dropped his hand to the semi-hard cock of the husky sailor at his side, naked except for his cap. Randy's thick prick throbbed and jerked in response, and Carl forgot all about the graceful bridge. He caressed the growing cockshaft gently and felt Randy's prick swell to full hardness in a matter of seconds.

What a fuckin' stud this guy is! Carl thought. I want him up my ass! He eyed the gray painted platforms on which the guns were mounted.

"Look at the people on the bridge, waving at us!" Randy cried, oblivious for the moment to Carl's intentions. The pedestrian walkway of the bridge was lined with spectators high above and ahead of them.

"To hell with 'em," Carl muttered, urging Randy over to one of the gun platforms by pulling on his stiff prick. Randy moved willingly but continued to watch the waving crowd and the bridge.

Carl bent over the edge of the platform which was about at waist height.

This brought his ass to the level of Randy's crotch. Quickly he spat on his hand and smeared the lubricant on the throbbing cockhead of the rugged sailor. Randy stiffened and moaned a little, but waved back at the line of spectators unconcernedly, grinning broadly. Carl pulled Randy's slick prick to his primed asshole and tried to stuff his cock in. Randy wasn't looking.

"Hey, stud, shove it in! Come on, push!"

Randy finally shifted his attention to Carl. The trim sailor was bent over the gun mount, his ass bare and beckoning, and Randy's ready prick was millimeters away from finding out what asshole fucking was all about. The pink puckered opening seemed to relax before his eyes, seeming to wink wickedly.

"Come on, Randy, fuck me! Shove that monster prick in and drive it home!"

Randy looked confused. "Here? Now?" He could now hear the faint shouts of the viewers on the bridge.

"Sure," said Carl, panting with desire. "I need all that meat bad. Shove it in hard!" He gave Randy's huge cock another quick stroke with additional saliva.

"Oh, shit, yeah," Randy groaned, unable to resist the warm friction and the tempting fuck channel being offered so freely. His attention shifted to the matter at hand, his hot cock and a hot fuckhole to satisfy his lust in. He moved forward enough to place the huge cockhead in the entrance of Carl's ass—and pushed hard.

"Christ!" Carl moaned, cringing. "Don't you know anything? Take it easy until you get in! Now try it again!"

The next time, Carl held Randy's cock still and moved back, slowly forcing the prick through his tight ass ring; Carl's knees began to tremble as the thick cockstalk began to force its way into his ass chute.

"Carl!" Randy moaned. "It's so tight, so fuckin' hot! Oh, man, I'm goin' to fuck you purple!" He shoved hard, fucking into Carl's hot ass channel.

Carl clenched his teeth with the pain of the sudden invasion, but then smiled as the mammoth prick filled his ass. He wrapped his arms around

the upright bar on the gun mount and spread his feet, planting them firmly for what he hoped was going to be a wild ride. The ship was drawing nearer to the bridge.

“Yeah, sailor, fuck ass! Give me all you got! Ram it home, man!” Carl urged.

Randy repeatedly pulled out slowly and then shoved abruptly in to the hilt. “Oh, yeah, hot... deep... gripping... sucking... grabbing me... fuck your fuckin’ ass!”

Randy set up a tense guttural discourse in rhythm with his lunges, a teeth-jarring fucking that shook the sailor caps on both heads. He pulled Carl’s trim hips back into his crotch as he fucked deep and long.

“So fuckin’ big,” Carl groaned happily. “I can feel it throbbin’ deep inside. Give me your fuckin’ load, man!”

“I’m getting close, man! It’s boilin’ up... your hot ass is suckin’ me almost like your mouth... it’s comin’ close... yeah!”

There were some surprised faces among the spectators lining the Golden Gate Bridge as the huge carrier swept majestically under it. Randy’s equally impressive prick fucking the Navy man’s asshole was in full view.

A cheer went up from the crowd, but the object of their enthusiasm was not clear.

At that point, Randy could hold back no longer. He gave a savage growl and buried his slick cockshaft deep, firing off a salvo of cum bullets in the tight ass of the gunner’s mate.

“Ahhhhhh!” The bellow rang through the steel decks and up to the red bridge above. There was no doubt that Randy had thoroughly triumphed, filling his buddy with hot fuck juice.

A moment later, there was a growing white puddle on the gun platform under Carl’s flailing hand on his own prick. Randy’s thick cock spurting deep in his ass swept everything else from his mind.

“Man, you got a hot ass... takin’ all my cum... drainin’ my balls... fuckin’ hot sailor...” Randy muttered to Carl as he began to weaken.

Carl grinned and rotated his ass, milking out the last drops of cum and feeling Randy's huge cock begin to shrink at last. Gradually the prick slipped out and Carl turned to grin at the panting sailor.

"So how was that? Still worried about getting your rocks off this cruise?"

Abruptly Randy gripped the smaller sailor in a bone-breaking embrace, to Carl's acute embarrassment.

"Gee, thanks, Carl! I just never knew it could be so damn good! You know, all the talk about cocksuckers and all... and you're a fuckin' gunner's mate, too! I kinda figured any guy like that would be a yeoman or maybe a corpsman, ya know?"

"Yeah, how about that?" Carl smiled as he tugged his dungarees on again. "After chow some night I'll introduce you around. You just came on board today, right?"

Randy nodded, still fingering his drooping prick. "Yeah, just in time to haul anchor. I dumped my seabag in the compartment and that's when you came along and grabbed my ass!"

Carl nodded. "It's a beauty, no shit! But that cock of yours is something else! When that is hard..."

"You mean like now?" Randy said sheepishly.

Carl looked at the sailor's crotch and gasped. "Not again! Look at that fuckin' boner! That fuck-stick never stops, does it?" Again there was a stiff ten inches of cock meat waving and bobbing between Randy's burly thighs.

Randy looked vaguely guilty but hopeful.

"Sorry, I guess I shouldn't but would you... could you?"

Carl hurriedly stripped down his dungarees again. This was going to be a hot cruise!

CHAPTER TWO

Carl was in the commander's office the next day when Ensign Palmer officially reported in for duty. Immediately the ensign's bright-blue eyes, his fine nose, his full red lips, and his well-shaped compact body caught his attention.

"So you just graduated from Annapolis?" the weather-beaten commander growled. As a "mustang", the commander was not overly enthusiastic about Academy graduates, feeling they assumed airs because of their technical training but had no experience to apply it.

This snot-nosed kid, thought the commander, is typical of the hobnobbing snobs who always get the promotions without ever getting their hands soiled with honest work. Well, we'll see about that!

Danny Palmer was terrified of the commander at first sight. Here was a man who knew everything about the navy and wasn't about to share his knowledge with anybody fresh from Annapolis. He was also nervous because of sly glances being shot at him by various enlisted men in the office. What did they mean by those sly glances? he wondered. He was pretty sure he knew already.

"You will be assistant division officer of Division Two, A Deck Division. You will have about 150 men to keep track of, train in deck drills," he almost sneered, "maintain the ship's boats, and such other chores as keeping your petty officers away from the whores in Manila, wiping shitty asses after picking up dysentery in Singapore, that sort of thing."

Danny blanched slightly by the list the commander spieled off, but knew the commander was trying to irk him. "Yes, sir," he said evenly.

The commander grunted; he had hoped for more reaction than that.

"Report to Lieutenant Bradley for further orders. You'll probably find him asleep in his stateroom with an empty bottle under his arm," he mumbled dryly.

Ensign Palmer saluted smartly, waiting to be dismissed. The commander stared at him for a moment, then tossed his hand somewhere

near his head in an excuse for a salute. It was enough to satisfy the ensign, who turned on his heel and stalked out of the room as briskly as he could.

He started down the passageway only to realize that he had no idea where the lieutenant's stateroom was, and wasn't too sure he could find his own again. He stood for a moment, hesitating, not wanting to return to the scrutiny of the commander but uncertain of his way. At that moment Carl stepped out of the department office and walked toward Danny.

"Uh, excuse me," Danny said clearing his throat, "do you happen to know where Lieutenant Bradley's stateroom is?" His big blue eyes tried to be stern and official, but the combination of his youth and his glance over the young sailor combined to make the question sound almost like a proposition.

Carl's shirt was open almost to the waist, revealing a broad, muscled chest covered with dark curly hair. One nipple peaked out, a brown nub which seemed to protrude more as the ensign observed. The denims, although Navy issue, were at least two sizes too tight, and a very sizable sausage shape distended the thin material in his crotch and extended down his left leg. But his dark eyes seemed so naive and honest as they probed the officer's blue ones. Then his lips parted, lifting the thin dark mustache and exposing brilliant white teeth in a soft smile.

"Why, yes, sir, I think I do," the sailor said softly, "or at least I can find it, if you want to follow me." With another lopsided smile, he started off down the passageway.

If I want to follow you? Danny mused. I wouldn't mind following you right into the sack! But none of that. Got to watch the P's and Q's aboard ship... wait until liberty in some foreign port when I can get away from the sailors who might know me...

His eyes were riveted on the small, shapely ass ahead of him. Carl's ass was rising and falling tautly as he walked unerringly through the maze of passageways which totally confused Danny. He almost stumbled over the frame of the hatchways as they traveled. His mind was on Carl's pretty ass, imagining his tongue probing deep in there, and maybe even his stiff cock fucking in there, sensing the moist heat and muscular caress of the sailor's ass.

Carl stopped suddenly and Danny collided with him. It was not until that moment that Danny realized that he had developed a hard-on from thinking about that pretty ass; as he bumped into Carl, his rigid cock fitted snugly into the very asscrack which had inspired his hard-on. Nor was that development lost on Carl.

“Uh, it must be around here somewhere, sir,” he ventured.

He cast a very quick glance at the bulging crotch in the ensign’s khaki pants. His own cock, always ready for anything, gave a twitch and started to lengthen. He gulped and looked away.

“Probably down this way,” he mumbled in confusion and started down the nearby passageway.

Again Danny’s eyes were treated to Carl’s swinging ass cheeks, but now they seemed to swing a little more broadly.

Then Carl stopped in front of a curtained door. “I’m pretty sure this is it.” He knocked on the door frame, but there was no answer.

After a moment, Danny said hoarsely, “The commander said he might be sleeping. Maybe we should go in.”

He tried to avoid the knowing eyes of the sailor, and instead looked down his open shirt, noticing again how his dark hair curled around his nipples and along the creases of his defined muscles. Carl’s chest seemed to rise and fall more rapidly than would be expected from their brisk walk. Carl’s eyes seemed fixed on the full red lips of the ensign.

Getting no response from Carl, Danny pushed past him to enter the room. His hand trailed along his side, encountering a solid rod in the sailor’s crotch as he passed him. A flush started in Danny’s neck and quickly rose to his hairline as he stood in the empty stateroom, staring at a messy bed.

“Guess he’s not here,” came the quiet voice of the petty officer behind him. Suddenly the rumpled bed seemed to be a participant in their conversation, adding its own message somehow.

“No,” Danny replied, but he continued to stare at the wrinkled sheets. There was a stain near the center of the bunk. The stain seemed to speak volumes.

“Also looks like he needs a good buddy to help him out,” Carl murmured.

Danny quickly turned to the young sailor, a question in his eyes. But as soon as he turned, the question was answered. Extending straight out from the sailor’s fly was the stiffest, juiciest cock Danny had ever seen. Nine inches of throbbing prickmeat, already a little moist on the tip, a couple of bulging veins and a few fine hairs decorating the thick cockshaft held in a hairy fist of a gunner’s mate sailor. Danny began to tremble with desire.

“Beautiful,” Danny sighed. Slowly his hand moved out by its own force to clasp the prick loosely in an admiring caress. Carl sighed and tensed as the officer’s hand held him firmly, his cock throbbing in readiness.

Danny’s big blue eyes danced with visions of what he could do to Carl’s mighty cock.

Since he made no move himself, Carl decided to help Danny out, relieving the pressure of Danny’s pants against his rising cock. While Danny stroked Carl’s aroused cockflesh, Carl struggled with the officer’s fly and finally extracted a thick pink cock nearly as big as Carl’s. A few more fumbles and two balls emerged from the light-brown hairy nest to be fondled and stroked as they deserved. The two men stood silently in the stateroom, admiring and caressing each other until pre-cum began to drip in streams from their excited pricks.

Carl was the first to succumb. Suddenly he dropped to his knees and gobbled up the throbbing cockmeat offered to him. Danny moaned and fucked into Carl’s warm mouth. It had been several days since his last orgasm, several days since he had left home and his buddy’s embrace.

Danny watched as his cock disappeared through the ripe lips under the dark mustache. The sailor knelt on the deck, his own stiff prickshaft bobbing alone between his legs. Carl used both hands to fondle and stroke the officer’s loaded balls in their wrinkled sac.

“Oh, yeah,” Danny sighed. “Suck it, sailor! Your hot mouth on my hot prick! Gobble it up!”

Carl gobbled, taking the ensign’s throbbing cock all the way into his throat, lapping the underside roughly and using his teeth gently as he slid up

and down. It was a beautiful cock to suck—hot, thick, creamy-skinned, and juicy as a peach. But suddenly Danny's prick was yanked away!

"Stop!" Danny cautioned. "I'm pretty hot and I want to have you! Give me a chance!"

Danny sat on the edge of the rumpled bunk and pulled the sailor to him.

Carl's nine-inch cock just naturally entered his mouth in that position, and he sucked Carl's prick down greedily, then backed up to the wide cockhead, nibbling around the ridge, and then all the way down the prickstalk to bury his nose in the dark cock hair. Carl held the ensign's blond head tightly against his groin for a moment, his prick deep in the officer's throat, before letting him up to breathe.

"Oh, man—I mean, sir—oh, shit, suck it! Take it all, all the way! Your hot mouth, whatever!" Danny was happy to oblige.

But Carl hadn't finished what he had started. Danny's prick was still slick and throbbing, and Carl couldn't leave Danny's cock alone. He swung around, leaving his prick in Danny's throat, and moved onto the bunk in a sixty-nine position. Grabbing the slim hips of the officer, he pulled the rigid cock into his mouth again with a groan of pleasure.

Together they wrestled, ass cheeks grasped in hairy fists, matching slurp for slurp, groan for groan, all thoughts of rank forgotten, just two men, together, man to man, giving and receiving joy and even love and to hell with the rest of the world.

Suddenly Danny thought of those tight little ass cheeks he had watched so hungrily. Without changing his sucking rhythm, he fumbled Carl's pants loose and pushed them below the knees. Then he pulled the legs back and quickly shifted his loving tongue to the tiny center of the sailor's ass.

"Ughhhh," Carl moaned and thrust hard against the stiffened tongue. Danny teased the ring for a moment and then thrust in, lapping the musky inner core as far as he could reach.

"That's a beautiful ass," he finally gasped, coming up for air. "I'm going to bury my nose up your chute, man, and eat you out! Give me that fuckin' asshole!"

Carl was thrilled and a little shocked at the vehemence of the seemingly quiet officer. But when he felt the ensign's long tongue shoving its way into his ass channel, Carl knew Danny meant what he said. Danny was no novice. Deeper his tongue probed, and wider Carl's ass muscles opened, until his asshole was completely relaxed, vulnerable to the loving attack.

Carl swallowed Danny's cock and held his prick deep in his throat as the officer continued to work on his asshole, spreading the ass opening wider and wider until Carl seemed hypnotized. Aside from the stiff cock in his mouth, Carl's entire concentration was centered on his asshole and the emptiness that seemed to develop inside.

And then he felt Danny's fingers alongside his tongue in his ass, pressing in, entering him, taking the moving stroking tongue higher and deeper. The fingers entered Carl's ass, slick with streams of saliva deposited by the lapping tongue. And then the thumb took its place alongside the fingers, the tongue circling the fist, teasing and licking, relaxing Carl's ass muscles still further. The fingers, pressed together, were advancing steadily, opening Carl's ass widely but painlessly, filling him as they entered.

The first knuckles of the fingers were in, and then the thumb knuckle touched the ass ring. Danny's tongue lapped the spot, and the ass muscle relaxed. The thumb slipped in, and then it was the entire fist demanding entry. Danny hesitated, Carl's ass seemed pretty tight. Could the sailor take it all? Tentatively he pushed again with little progress.

Suddenly Carl pulled back from the officer's cock and growled, "Push, man, fist-fuck my ass! Fill me up, man!"

Without further thought, Danny pushed and entered easily, his fist sliding through into the heat of Carl's ass channel, the tissues clenching and caressing his hand. He felt Carl's tense prostate bud against his knuckle and a feeling of power from his fist deep inside the for-the-moment passive sailor. His balls threatened to explode in the sailor's mouth.

His fist still buried deep inside, Danny attacked Carl's long, thick cock, lapping up the pre-cum that dripped freely from the tip. As he took Carl's prick into his throat, he felt the prostate swell and Carl stiffen. Danny rotated his hand and moved it back and forth a couple of inches. Carl groaned loudly around the rigid prick in his mouth. Every move brought

Carl closer to the brink, and Danny was with him all the way. Danny reached deeper into his hot ass tunnel and Carl groaned loudly again, the invasion of his ass entering uncharted territory.

Danny moved his fist in a little farther, rubbing Carl's prostate with every twist. He opened and closed his fist a few times, spreading his fingers, stretching the velvet throat of the sailor's ass and bringing happy groans from the impaled sailor.

Carl's senses were at the edge of a precipice. His balls churned with pent-up pressure.

When Danny began to pull his fist out and his thumb knuckle struck Carl's prostate, Carl shot his first hot spurt of cum into the siphoning mouth of the officer. Carl groaned again, almost shouted, but then was deluged with hot jism deep in his throat, cutting off his cry as Danny finally could hold back no longer. Both cocks jerked and spurted again and again, emptying their precious contents and filling the hungry mouths with sweet spurts of cum.

Danny moaned as he jetted into the sailor's hot mouth. Carl's cum was so sweet and thick. Danny's first taste of sailor cum, but, hopefully, not the last. He fucked his finger in and out and around Carl's relaxed asshole even as he siphoned out the last of the sweet cream. Carl licked up Danny's last drops as avidly as the first, but then collapsed from extreme fatigue and satisfaction.

If Lieutenant Bradley noticed any fresh stains on his sheets, he never mentioned it...

CHAPTER THREE

“Now that we are at sea, Captain, it is time for me to select the Marines who will be my personal guard and messengers,” announced Navy Captain Lewis to the Marine Captain, commanding officer of the Marine detachment. “I will want to interview them individually and, uh, at some length. Please set up a schedule for these sessions over the next few days. By the time we reach Hawaii, I expect to be well organized.”

The mammoth ship sliced smoothly through the Pacific waters. The quiet hum of the engines coming through the decks was reassuring, and the weather was sunny and bright. The perfect day for beginning my selection procedures, the grizzled Captain Lewis thought.

Too bad this Marine Captain standing so stiffly at attention before him would not be available, the older man mused. The tight khakis the Marine wore outlined a very interesting bulge in the crotch. But Lewis preferred them younger and would have the pick of the lot this time.

Captain Broderick—his friends called him Brod—tried to keep his face stiff and blank as he received his orders. He was in command of the Marine detachment aboard the carrier, which rated an entire company. The Marines were used as guards, messengers, and ceremonial sidemen for dignitaries, mostly admirals. Up till now he had had the men to himself and followed the traditional approach—rank has its privileges. The ship’s captain might pretend that he was only interested in organizing a crew, but Brod had his doubts. But he had no choice, of course. Brod wished the old lecher would stop looking at his basket—it was enough to start his motor up.

“Of course, sir. Do you have any, uh, preferences, sir—I mean in the way of height or coloring or... anything, sir?” Brod kept his face straight but wanted to let Captain Lewis know that he wasn’t fooling Brod any by his pretense at official approach.

Captain Lewis also maintained his bland expression.

“Well, let’s see, Captain Broderick, how many men do you have who would qualify for this honor? I want to be fair, of course, so no deserving man is ignored. But I will say that I think tall men, that is, six feet or taller,

look better in uniform and perhaps are more impressive when lined up for formal occasions, don't you? How many tall men do you have to pick from, Captain?"

Bastard! thought Brod. He's after the cream of the crop, that's obvious. "Oh, I suppose there should be thirty or forty men who would qualify in terms of height."

Brod could almost see Captain Lewis lick his chops over the prospects. Brod noticed his hand move to his crotch as he thought about it, but it was hidden from Brod's view by the desk.

"Yes, well, uh, I want you to muster them outside my sea cabin in one hour, and I will start the selection procedure at that time. They needn't be in dress uniform this time. But no loose clothing, Captain. I want to see what I'm getting, heh, heh!"

And so there was a surprising amount of beef lined up on the flying bridge an hour later. Brod had told them that there was a selection process to undergo, and that they were to cooperate with the ship's captain just as they did for him. All the men knew from that what to expect.

Considerately, Brod had placed all the blonds at one end of the group, the light browns and redheads in the center, and the brunettes at the other end. Then he knocked on the sea cabin's door to announce the group ready for inspection.

Captain Lewis strode from the cabin confidently. Although in his fifties, he was still an imposing figure; there was only a suggestion of a spare tire around his waist. His face was lined from many hours of squinting into the sun, and his close-cropped hair was gray, but many of the younger men still found him attractive. He had never been able to be open about his preferences during his many years in the Navy, but now he was in command of a carrier, and he was relatively free at last to indulge his special tastes.

The captain wasn't nearly as calm as he appeared. In fact, he was quivering with anticipation, and had difficulty keeping his voice steady. And as he looked over the group of Marines lined up for his selection, he could hardly see the forest for the trees. All this meat, a veritable

smorgasbord! With great effort he drew himself up and addressed the group after Brod had brought them to attention.

“Men, I don’t have to tell you that there are many duties aboard this ship which require special talents. This is the beginning of a process of selection for guards and messengers for my personal use. For that reason, I will need to interview you individually. Captain, let’s start with... that one, the husky blond.”

So that’s the type he likes, Brod mused. He ordered Wilson to fall out.

“The remainder of the men are to be kept on standby to be called as I have the time.” Brod nodded mutely and dismissed the rest of the group. He motioned Wilson to stay and followed the men back to their quarters.

Wilson stood stiffly at attention, waiting for orders. Now that it was started, the older man suddenly felt nervous about it, but a glance at the packed crotch of the big Marine was enough to set the stage.

“Uh, yes, uh, what’s your name again?”

“Wilson, sir.” The man’s voice was a rumble in his broad chest. A tingle went through the gray-haired officer and his cock gave a twitch.

“Yes, Wilson. In the office, Private.”

Wilson preceded the captain, and the older man drooled over the man’s firm ass cheeks stretching the dungarees as he walked ahead. After they were in the office he quickly closed and locked the door. They would not be disturbed—no one would dare to disturb them except by telephone.

“You, uh, understand, Wilson, that some of the criteria of selection relate to appearance, don’t you? And while you obviously make a stun... satisfactory appearance in your dungarees, I will need to see you without the, uh, coverings to appreciate your, that is, uh, take off your clothes!”

Wilson wasn’t nearly as disturbed as Captain Lewis, who seemed to be trembling in his shoes. Nor was Wilson really unhappy that he had been chosen. The captain was very distinguished looking. It might be interesting, he thought. Keeping a straight face, he calmly began to strip, removing first his shoes and socks. Then he removed his shirt which he opened slowly, one button at a time, to expose his broad chest, blond hair curling around his nipples.

The captain's eyes were glued to his every movement, especially when he removed his shirt. Wilson flexed his arms and moved his massive shoulders to demonstrate the muscle definition, and the captain's jaw dropped in admiration. Already a bulge was beginning to grow in the captain's crotch.

Still wearing a straight face, Wilson slowly, deliberately unfastened the belt and waistband of his dungarees. The captain's eyes were fixed on the operation, his breaths coming more rapidly than before. The man's broad fingers seemed to fumble a little, but then the waistband was open and the top button was released. With a pause between each button, Wilson's fly was gradually opened and a few blond pubic hairs slowly came into view through the fly in his underwear. The captain began to fondle his growing cock unconsciously as he watched the proceedings with gasping breaths.

When his fly was gaping wide, Wilson stood for a moment with hands on hips, allowing himself and the captain to savor the moment. Then he stripped the pants down and tossed them aside.

The captain's voice sounded garbled as he choked, "The skivvies!"

True, the massive legs with their bulging muscles and fine blond hair were things of beauty and would have been admired at length some other time, but the long, thick bulge under the regulation skivvies was what the captain had focused on now. His own prick throbbed in his hand, waiting for the great unveiling of that monster he hoped for.

Wilson murmured innocently, "Oh, the skivvies too, sir?"

Deliberately, as if he felt shy, Wilson turned his back to the captain as he slowly eased the undershorts down over his ass. His creamy ass cheeks were completely hairless, but as his ass crack was revealed, some fine blond hairs lined that heavenly valley. Wilson's ass cheeks were beautiful solid hillocks that begged for adoring lips, and the captain's tongue protruded slightly in anticipation. The Marine stood facing the wall for a moment, arms at his side, and then turned slowly for inspection.

The captain almost fainted as his crotch came into view. The monster bulge he had admired before was not disappointing when the truth was revealed.

The thick, pink cock protruding from the nest of blond curls matched the rest of the big Marine's frame—at least nine inches of solid prickmeat throbbing with each heartbeat, set off by huge balls hanging closely below. As the captain watched spellbound, the thick cockhead swelled even more, almost purple with excitement, and squeezed out a transparent drop of pre-cum which trailed slowly to the deck.

"Is this what you wanted, Captain?" the burly Marine asked calmly.

It was precisely what the captain wanted! With a strangled cry, he fell to his knees and flung his arms around the massive legs, gulping that stiff cock into his mouth. His unexpected attack carried Wilson backward, and he fell onto the captain's bunk behind him. The captain followed him on his knees, unwilling to be deprived of that monster cock for one instant now that it was in his grasp.

"Ummmmmm, ughhh, ummm," the captain mumbled in ecstasy as he, gobbled the Marine's cock and gripped his muscular thighs.

A smile grew on Wilson's face as the officer's hot mouth took in his cock.

"Oh, yeah, man—uh, sir—suck it in! Fuckin' hot mouth... suckin' my prick, all the way down!"

Wilson spread his knees wide and the captain moved on his knees into position between them, his head pistoning up and down on Wilson's stiff prick, saliva dripping down to the heavy balls below. His tongue moved rapidly in conjunction with his cheeks, bringing pressure and suction to bear, slurping on that monster cock meat. He began to fondle and squeeze the big hairy balls as he moaned at his glorious task.

"Yeah, suck me, Captain—Marine meat going down your Navy throat, sir—fuckin' officer cocksucker, sir!"

Both men would have been shocked at such language at any other time, but at that moment it was appropriate and truthful and also exciting. The Marine's massive thighs clamped down around the captain's head, dislodging his cap to tumble down his back, but neither noticed. It seemed as if the captain was going to strangle on the rigid cock down his throat, but they were happy sounds to match the enthusiastic groans from the Marine writhing on the bed.

Then the captain abruptly pulled back and pushed up and up and back on the heavy legs, rolling the Marine's asshole into view. For a moment he feasted his eyes on his pink target, and then attacked it with happy hunger. His anxious lips fastened on the Marine's puckered asshole in a pressing kiss, and then his tongue snaked into the ass opening, lashing right and left to obtain entry.

At first the Marine gritted his teeth with the sudden onslaught, and then relaxed on the bed with a beautiful smile as he opened his most private spot to the kneeling officer.

"Oh, fuck, yeah," he breathed. "Clean out my asshole, Captain! Stick your tongue in me deep! You can brown-nose me anytime, sir!"

The captain lapped the tiny muscle ring with renewed vigor as the Marine urged him on. Deeper and deeper he probed, the strong muscle restricting him to a couple of inches of sweet inner core. As he worked his way in, the Marine grabbed his own cock and began to stroke it wildly.

"Your fuckin' tongue... drivin' me crazy... gettin' so fuckin' hot... my prick's beginning to..."

Suddenly the Marine sat up, nearly trapping the captain's head under his weight. The private was close to orgasm, but he gripped his cockshaft hard to halt the rising tide. Both men breathed heavily for a moment as the peak aborted, the captain watching the huge prick closely a few inches away from his sagging mouth in case the Marine should start to discharge.

He didn't want to miss a drop.

"What about you, sir?" the Marine suggested.

The captain stared up at the face of the young man spread out on his bed. The blue eyes bore into his own with a sudden intensity, and the captain again became aware of the almost-painful restriction his pants were producing on his stiff prick.

Quickly the captain stripped out of his uniform, tossing shoes, shirt, and pants in a heap. He did not attempt any seductive tricks—he was too old for that—but in a moment he stood naked between the Marine's spread legs, his eight-incher bobbing tensely, his balls dancing in their hairy sac.

The mature body brought a glint to the Marine's eye—he liked the slim but generally solid frame, the thick body hair, gray mixed with black, which nearly covered the captain's chest, narrowed at the waist, and spread out again in a thick mat in the groin. And the older man's rigid cock and heavy balls also excited him. He held his own cock tightly as he gazed at the trembling commanding officer.

Then slowly Wilson reached out, his hand moving very slowly, and grasped the cock and balls in one massive paw, squeezing the balls and cock root together. The captain's prick gave a lurch and began to swell even more.

Wilson gripped his own cock and balls in the other hand and squeezed tightly as he was doing for the captain. His big prick throbbed close to climax.

The captain moved a little closer, responding to Wilson's tug. The pressure of both hands increased to the point of pain, the balls mashed together tightly, the cocks turning purple with congestion. But a smile was forming and growing on the captain's face, and Wilson's mouth opened, his tongue beginning to protrude as if he would soon take the captain's prick in his mouth. Tighter and tighter Wilson squeezed, pulling the captain's purple prick closer to his gaping mouth.

And then his fists clamped down hard, the muscles in his forearms bulging, gripping both cocks in steel vises. Immediately the captain groaned loudly and thrust forward once. Cum shot in a fine stream straight ahead from his purple cock, striking the Marine in the face and open mouth.

"Ahhhh!" the captain shouted, his climax rampaging through his lurching body, his fuck juice painting the young Marine's face white. His prick spurted again and again, some of the cum falling on the broad cockhead in Wilson's hand.

Apparently this was enough to set the young man off. The Marine gave one rumbling groan then his first spurt of jism jetted straight up in the air.

With a cry, the captain slipped out of the Marine's grasp, dropped to his knees, and gobbled down the spurting prick, slurping the Marine's cock cream noisily, swallowing repeatedly from the huge load.

“Oh, fuck, yeah! Take my hot load, cocksucker! Hot Marine cum down your Navy throat, Captain! Swallow my fuck juice, man!”

The captain’s cock dribbled its last few drops on the deck but he got every drop Wilson could produce. For the commanding officer, it looked like there would be a high protein diet on this cruise, at least until he finally selected all the members of his Marine guard.

CHAPTER FOUR

Just the red tip of the sun remained above the horizon off the starboard bow when Carl discovered Randy shining his shoes near his bunk in the bo's'n's berthing space near the fantail. His shirt was off and his bare chest glistened with a thin film of fragrant maleness. He had donned cut-off dungarees after the end of the work day, and his leg muscles bulging as he squatted in front of his locker brought an instant response from Carl's crotch.

"Hey, sailor, how're ya doin'?" he began heartily.

"Carl!" Randy's face beamed with friendly charm to see his friend who had treated him so well. "What's up?"

Carl knew what was coming up as he looked the husky body over openly. Carl's prick was beginning to move down his leg impatiently. The big blond sailor was too good to be true, and so fuckin' innocent!

"Well, I promised to introduce you around, and I guess now's as good a time as any. You free?"

"Sure," Randy bounded to his feet, his face wreathed with smiles because of the friendly offer. He threw his shoes back in his locker and stood ready to follow wherever Carl led. For a moment Carl considered just taking him back to the gun shack and having at him by himself, but he had promised his friends. He motioned for Randy to follow him. He led the way to the ship's library which was managed by two of his friends.

As they turned down the passageway to the library, Randy plucked at his sleeve.

"I'm pretty sure the library is closed. I saw a sign on the door when I came past after chow."

Carl shook his head. "Don't worry, stud. I have friends on the inside." He winked conspiratorially.

Sure enough, his knock on the door resulted in it being opened a crack until Carl could be seen, then flung open in welcome. Carl entered and waved Randy in.

It was a large room with books lining the bulkheads except for one area which held a magazine rack and two leather couches. Grinning at him were Mike and Jimmy, personnelmen whose total responsibility was the running of the library. They even slept there on the leather couches, preferring them to the bunks in the hot berthing spaces. Besides, the library was air conditioned. Mike flicked the lock on the door, another rare luxury.

Mike was a square-cut sailor with twinkling green eyes and dark hair. He always looked as if he needed a shave.

Jimmy was small and somewhat dainty with a tendency to flaunt his femininity. His hair and eyes were both light brown. At that moment his eyes were fixed approvingly, as were his buddy's green ones, on the new stud Carl had promised to introduce.

"Well, I can see what you mean," Jimmy sighed, already totally turned on by the tall, husky blond who stood just inside the door. Randy blushed crimson, since it was obvious from the fixed stare at his basket what Jimmy had in mind.

"James, you're too much," snapped Mike as he gripped Randy's hand. "Randy couldn't be interested in a flying faggot like you, could you, stud?" Mike was rather short and smiled up into Randy's face dreamily.

Randy had never been in this kind of a situation before.

"Well, uh, I don't know, uh, how do you do? Uh, what's a 'flying faggot'?"

The three sailors laughed heartily at the naivete of the handsome sailor, but no one bothered to answer his question. Instead they ushered him to one of the couches and Jimmy brought a cold Coke for the honored guest.

There was even a phonograph with some popular records to provide a relaxed background. Randy leaned back against the leather cushions with a great sigh. There was so much masculine blond skin showing that the other sailors also sighed, but for different reasons. As Randy spread his legs, the tip of his incredible prick peaked out of his shorts.

Carl spoke seriously to Mike and Jimmy.

"Now look, men, Randy here is not used to all this shit. He's a man, a real man, who's got a problem which we can help him with. He's got this

huge cock that gets stiff several times a day, and if somebody doesn't help him to relieve that tension, who knows what might happen? Naturally I'm always ready to help him out, but there's enough for all of us—I mean, we should share the load, so to speak. Isn't that right, Randy?"

Randy flushed again but had to admit there was a lot of truth in what Carl had said. And already there seemed to be a little action in his cock as judged by a stirring visible through the cut-offs. More and more pink prickhead showed beyond the pant leg.

"Well, of course we'll do what we can," Mike responded helpfully, and Jimmy nodded his enthusiastic agreement. "Can we see what kind of problem we are talking about?"

"OK, Randy?" Carl asked.

Randy had barely started to nod his head when four hands collided in Randy's lap, anxious to unbutton the fly and expose the problem which was obviously growing larger by the minute.

"Cheeeeeeeez," breathed Jimmy after they had managed to extract the thick column of swelling prick from the young sailor's cut-offs.

"Wow," Mike sighed, reverently holding Randy's thick cockstalk as it continued to grow in his hand. Randy's hips thrust forward a little in response to the warm hand squeezing his aroused prick flesh.

"When you hold it like that, I'm afraid it only adds to the problem," Randy pointed out almost apologetically.

"Yes, I see what you mean," Mike agreed. He moved his hand up and down experimentally a few times, and the huge cock swelled even more, bringing a groan from Randy's lips.

"I think one of you guys had better do more than take things in hand," Carl said pointedly. "You'll find the solution all over the couch if you're not careful!"

Randy leaned back, his head rolling on the leather cushions in response to the thrilling feeling the gentle hand was producing, his eyes closed in rapt enjoyment.

Mike's eyes roved over the husky body stretched out on his couch, and then he lowered his head to Randy's throbbing prick. His lips closed over the broad cockhead, and Randy moaned softly. Mike's hot mouth descended, slurping in his pulsing prick deliberately and almost reverently. Randy's hips raised slightly as he groaned again.

"Man, that feels good!" he sighed. "Never knew a guy's mouth could feel so good like that until Carl here..."

Mike slowly advanced. And then the cockhead struck the back of his throat, still with several inches to go.

At first Mike was content to mouth and suck Randy's thick cockstalk in that position, but the challenge was great. He took a deep breath around Randy's huge prickshaft, tilted his head back, and slowly pushed the remainder of the giant cock into his throat.

"Oh, fuck, yeah," Randy moaned. "Fuckin' hot mouth takin' my hot cock all the way down! You guys are great, suckin' my prick like that, just 'cause we're friends. Oh, man, cocksucking buddies, takin' my fuckin' prick all the way..."

Carl and Jimmy watched for a moment and then, unable to control themselves, tore off their clothes, throwing them far and wide as they hastened to join the party.

First they managed to work the cut-offs out from under the moaning sailor.

That allowed Randy to spread his legs wider and writhe freely as Mike's hot mouth engulfed him. Then Carl pressed in from the side, his stiff prick riding over one of the big blond's bulging thighs, and began to suck his tiny pink nipple in the midst of curly blond hair. Randy grimaced and moaned louder as Carl's tantalizing tongue and teasing teeth brought the tiny nub to life. Jimmy squeezed under the spread legs and managed to lap the hanging balls as Mike sucked the pulsing prick above.

"Oh, shit, men, you got me," Randy moaned. "Three fuckin' mouths workin' me over, suckin' prick and balls and even my fuckin' nipples! Eat me all over!"

By this time he was squirming and tossing so violently from all the stimulation that the other sailors had difficulty staying with him. It was during all this movement that Carl's cock accidentally pressed into Randy's palm and he gripped his prick hard, not realizing what it was.

Suddenly he stopped moaning and tossing, opened his eyes wide, and studied the object in his hand. It was the first time he had ever touched another man's cock.

Carl's cock gave a lurch of excitement from the touch of the masculine sailor. Randy gripped Carl's prick harder, feeling the pulsing life, the potential power in his paw.

"Pretty, ain't it? And kind of velvet-like," he said with awe. The three friends stopped to watch the discovery taking place, the innocent sailor discovering the joys of sharing sex with another man. "Nice and big, too, Carl, stiff and strong."

Jimmy was becoming impatient. Not too gently he pushed Mike aside and grabbed Randy's huge cockpole in both hands.

"Man, that's pretty—and I know just what to do with it, too," Jimmy murmured. Quickly he smeared some saliva on his ass and, straddling Randy's husky thighs, eased the slippery cockhead into his hot asshole.

Immediately Jimmy's eyes bulged from the enormity of that prick entering him. He raised up for a moment, wondering if he had been too casual about it, but then determinedly sat down again on Randy's stiff cockshaft.

Randy's gaze finally shifted from the stiff prick in his hand to the tiny ass attempting to take all his cockmeat.

"Gee, Jimmy, are you sure you can take it like that? I mean won't it hurt..." He broke off because, steadily, Jimmy was sliding down his thick prickshaft, his small channel stretching around Randy's massive cock, and the moist heat was beginning to penetrate to Randy's brain.

"Oh, Christ, Jimmy, you're doin' it! You're takin' it all in your hot ass! Fuckin' hot, tight asshole, grippin' me like a liquid fist! Holy shit!"

Jimmy's face wore a determined expression as he slowly accomplished his purpose, but when he could sit directly on the hairy crotch, Randy's

prick completely lost inside his ass, his face broke into a broad smile.

“What a fuckin’ hunk!” he gasped. “That monster prick deep inside, throbbin’ like it’s goin’ to explode... what a fuckin’ piece of meat!”

Gradually he began to move up and down, Randy’s big hard-on spreading him wide, shoving everything else aside, asserting its own power inside the small body of the sailor.

Mike watched his friend take on Randy’s monster cock with a little envy. Then he gripped Jimmy’s cock, a slim eight inches but extremely hard, and stroked his prick as Jimmy bounced up and down.

Randy still held Carl’s cock in his fist, and he absently began to stroke it in rhythm with Jimmy’s movement. Carl’s eyes closed in enjoyment of the rough hand beating his meat.

“Stand on the couch, Mike,” Jimmy gasped.

Obediently Mike stepped up on the couch next to Randy, his thick eight-inch cock in his hand. Immediately Jimmy swallowed almost all Mike’s stiff prick and sucked as he fucked himself on Randy’s pole. Randy watched this action closely as he stroked Carl slowly.

“Yeah, suck his cock, Jimmy... stiff prick in your mouth, Jimmy! Is it juicy? Does it taste good?” Randy murmured. He stared as Jimmy’s lips molded themselves around Mike’s thick prickshaft, moving back and forth on the handsome hunk of cock meat. Jimmy began to jerk his own cock between his legs. Randy’s gaze shifted back to Carl’s long, throbbing prick in his own hand.

Jimmy was becoming more and more excited. He began to circle his ass, forcing Randy’s huge cock deeper and moving his velvet ass channel from side to side.

Randy’s eyes widened as the bouncing sailor turned on the heat, gripping him in his satin grasp. “Ahhhhhh!” he gasped.

Roughly, Randy pulled Carl up on the couch and forced the sailor’s cock into his mouth, sucking in Carl’s long prick as Jimmy was doing to his buddy. Carl gasped and thrust his hips into Randy’s perspiring face, a hot virgin mouth being the ultimate receptacle for the cum that was boiling close to the surface.

Mike also began to groan and thrust wildly. Jimmy's sucking mouth was turning him on, but watching the other fuck action was almost as exciting.

Every time Jimmy lifted up, Mike could see Randy's unbelievably thick prick twitching and jerking, ready to fire. And the handsome sailor taking Carl's long cock, his first cock ever, was enough to burst the dam.

"Oh, Christ, Jim, suck me dry! Your fuckin' hot mouth is goin' to be filled, man! Suck 'im, Randy! Suck that hot sailor off! Hot, juicy prick in your mouth, man! That's where it's at!"

Randy looked up at Carl, seeming almost surprised that he was doing what he was doing, sucking his buddy's cock, but there it was... and it was good, it was great!

Suddenly Randy stiffened, his body rigid, Carl's cock held in his mouth. He grunted deeply once and Jimmy shouted with joy. He could feel the hot load squirting deep in his gut.

Mike could hold back no more. With a groan, he grabbed Jimmy's head and pushed down hard, spurting thick cum into Jimmy's mouth and throat.

And Carl was only seconds behind. As Randy began shooting, his teeth clamped down on Carl's throbbing cock meat, and the little pain together with the hot mouth and the orgasms of the other two sailors brought his balls to a boil. His hot load squirted deep into Randy's virgin throat unexpectedly.

Randy coughed and choked but could not avoid the gush. Then his tone changed to an appreciative murmur as the sweet fuck nectar gave his taste buds a treat. And then he received another gift. Jimmy began spewing his own fuck juice onto Randy's convulsing belly, the fuck cream spurting and dribbling warmly in translucent streams. All the men were groaning their ecstasy to the world as they gave and took, man to man, reveling in their masculinity which they could share with each other.

When Randy finally crept into his bunk late that night, he had learned a lot about the nature of men and especially himself. He smiled as he drifted off, savoring the sweet salty remnants of the three sailors' fuck juice in his mouth.

CHAPTER FIVE

It was Sunday at sea, and holiday routine had been proclaimed. The sea was ink purple, the sky almost cloudless blue, and the favorite occupation of the crew of the USS Folsom was sunbathing.

Captain Lewis glared down on the flight deck and catwalks below the captain's bridge. He was angry and frustrated because he could see all that male flesh stretched out nude or nearly so, and could do nothing about it. He carried binoculars, ostensibly to study the birds which buzzed the carrier from time to time, but more often the glasses were trained on the bulging cocks of the sailors and Marines under his command.

He spotted Wilson and remembered the day in his stateroom when the Marine had spurted his sweet creamy cum-load into the captain's gulping throat.

The captain's trousers bulged suddenly with the memory. Since then he had interviewed eight more Marines, finding them all very interesting, each in his own way. But he still hadn't made up his mind about the guard. There were many more Marines left who seemed likely candidates. He was in no hurry.

His eye was caught by a tall blond sailor walking along the catwalk.

Blonds always seemed to catch his eye. This one was a beauty, at least six feet tall, muscles bulging almost lewdly, stripped down to regulation shorts which seemed a little small for his massive frame. They were stretched nearly to bursting across his round ass cheeks, and the crack of his ass came into view as he crouched by another young man, a brunette, sunbathing in a swim suit. Through the glasses he could see a Marine tattoo on the brunette's arm. He wished he could hear the conversation.

"Oh, sorry, did I step on you? Guess I wasn't looking where I was going," Randy mumbled.

He felt guilty because he had been wondering what all these nearly naked guys would look like if everyone of them stripped off his scanty covering and got with it, sucking cock and everything. The fantasy was beginning to grow to immense proportions when he tripped over a hairy leg

and crashed back to earth. But then he looked into the steady brown eyes of the young Marine, the owner of the muscular leg, and forgot the fantasy. It was time for reality!

“That’s OK, buddy, no harm done—I’ve got another one to match.” The dark eyes looked up the tall, blond frame, and then the owner propped himself up on one elbow for a better look.

Randy’s eyes roved over the rather short, solid frame, the hairy chest—Randy was discovering he liked dark hairy chests because his was so light and almost hairless—the strong, hairy legs, but most of all the man’s deep-brown eyes and the full red lips smiling up at him. And then he noticed the Marine’s detailed examination of the almost obscene bulge made by Randy’s cock under his regulation skivvies. Some of the curly blond hair of his crotch peeked out of the gaping fly, and that did not go unnoticed by the dark-haired man.

The Marine wore a standard Navy-issue bathing suit, a dark wool brief which was never meant to be filled out so well in the crotch as it was at that moment. Randy knew the man was a Marine because of the typical tattoo on his left bicep.

“Uh, where you headed?” the Marine finally asked, aware that they were staring at each other without any conversation. He sat up and squinted, still wearing a little smile.

“Oh, just looking for a place to settle to get some tan before we hit Hawaii. We should be there next week.”

“There’s room here, if you want to share my blanket...”

“Would I? I mean yes, if you’re sure you don’t mind.”

Again their eyes met and held, silent communication flowing but neither able to decipher all the signals. And then the Marine’s eyes dropped to the bulge in the blond crotch for just an instant. That was all Randy needed. Quickly he slumped down next to the Marine before the growth in his pants could be detected by casual observers around them.

Side by side they were a study in contrasts, one tall and blond, the other rather short and dark. The Marine’s name was Guy Moore and he was a corporal, and what else was there to talk about? They both knew what they

would like to do, but instead they lapsed into silence, merely darting glances at the other's profile when they thought it safe to do so. The sweat began to bead up on their reddening skins under the relentless sun and the stress of their emotions. They were unaware of the close scrutiny from the bridge.

They were still uncomfortable with each other when a Marine messenger called out to Guy that he was wanted on the bridge.

"The bridge? The captain wants to see me?"

"Guess so." He shrugged and ambled off.

Guy looked quizzically at Randy, then reluctantly rose and headed for the bridge, still in his bathing suit. But when he arrived at the bridge, no one seemed to know anything about his being sent for. The Marine guard had not returned.

He was about to leave when the captain poked his head out of his stateroom. "Has that Marine reported in yet?" Everyone looked curiously at Guy.

"You mean me, sir?" Guy stammered.

The captain looked around the corner, eyeing him up and down. "Yes, you're the one. Come in here." He disappeared again in his stateroom.

Guy padded through the pilot house to the deck on the other side and to the door of the captain's bedroom. He was so completely out of uniform that he wondered how the captain even knew he was a Marine. He knocked on the door hesitantly.

"Come in, come in," the captain's voice rang out. Guy pushed open the door and stepped in.

The ship's captain was slouched on his bunk, completely nude. As the Marine entered, the captain's steely blue eyes traveled over his solid frame without missing a single detail, especially the bulge under the swim suit. The captain beckoned him to come closer.

"Your name?" he asked brusquely.

"Corporal Guy Moore, U.S. Marine Corps, sir," Guy answered stiffly, standing at attention.

“Moore, eh? Why haven’t you been included in the selection group for captain’s guard staff, Corporal?”

“Uh, well, sir, that’s an assignment for a private, sir, and I understood you were looking only for tall men anyway, sir.” Guy flushed a little, sensitive about his height. The captain also looked a little flustered.

“Oh, ah, well, the group will need a squad leader, won’t it? Would you be interested in that kind of a position?”

“Uh, well, I guess so, sir,” Guy said, not very convincingly. The captain chose to take him at his word.

“Well, in that case, I suppose we could have the interview right now and then you could get back to your—uh, whatever you were doing.”

Guy sighed in resignation and thought, just when that hunky sailor shows up, the captain has to get ideas! But he’s the boss. “Yes, sir.”

“Good. Now first, turn around slowly.”

Guy felt pretty foolish turning like a model, but he did as he was told. Maybe if he acted disinterested the captain would cut the interview short. But when he returned to face front, the captain was fondling his cock which was already semihard. Guy tried to ignore what the captain was doing, but it was difficult.

“Uh, good, uh, now strip off the bathing suit.” The captain tried to keep his voice low and steady, but there was a tremor which did not go unnoticed.

His face set in a frozen mask, Guy stripped down the suit with no attempt made to impress. He was beginning to feel pretty cheap. When he straightened up to stand quietly at attention, the captain’s gasp was very obvious but not unexpected. Guy had managed to stuff one of the biggest cocks the captain had ever seen into that flimsy suit by pulling his cockhead back between his ass cheeks. When released, the giant prick swinging freely was over six inches long, limp. Most of the bulge apparent in the suit was due to the huge balls which could not be hidden, but now pushed the prick out to swing well in front of the Marine’s hairy body.

“Jesus Christ!” the captain groaned, staring at the massive prick and pulling his own cock openly. “It’s beautiful!”

“Thank you, sir,” Guy said dryly, impassive, trying not to look at the aroused prickflesh in the captain’s hand. But then the captain spread his legs and the stiff cock and heavy balls could not be ignored. Unbidden, Guy’s cock started its upward travel.

The captain’s eyes glittered as he detected the first twitching in Guy’s heavy cock meat, and he stared fascinated as the blood flowed strongly, swelling the thick prick which rose ponderously and powerfully, growing dark and almost threatening.

“Come closer,” the captain mumbled hoarsely, his mouth gaping as he watched the cock’s majestic ascent. Guy stepped nearer, stopping only a couple of feet away from the hunched captain. His prick was bobbing just short of full staff. He was not surprised when the captain reached out and gently took his swelling cock in a hairy fist. That contact finished the job. Guy began to tremble slightly, his balls beginning to churn, his need for sex becoming uppermost in his mind.

“Beautiful prick... beautiful,” the captain repeated. As the captain gripped his cock harder, Guy stepped forward, thrusting his massive prick nearly into the captain’s face. That’s exactly what the officer wanted.

Quickly the captain gobbled much of the thick prick into his mouth, drooling in his anxiety to engulf all of the it.

“Ahhhh,” Guy moaned despite his lack of interest in the captain as a sex partner. It had been several days since he had shot a load, and almost any mouth would have brought the same response. But he was careful not to thrust too much. He knew from experience that his huge prick had a way of making the best of cocksuckers gag and choke.

The captain was no slouch as a cocksucker, but Guy’s monster prick was too much for him. After several tries to take it all, he contented himself with sucking the cockhead and licking the ridge and nibbling the soft underside, then sliding down the length of the prickshaft on the sides until he could lick the huge balls heavy in their hairy bag. But then he got a better idea.

“You are going to fuck me, Moore,” he growled suddenly and reached over to the bedside stand for some lubricant. “If I can’t take it all in my

mouth, I'll take it up my ass! But go easy, do you understand? It wouldn't do for the captain to be laid up with a torn asshole, now would it?"

In spite of his attempt at detachment, Guy's balls were churning from the hot mouth treatment. He needed a cum, and it didn't matter how he got it! When the captain turned over, ass up, and smeared goo on his ass, the taut hairy ass cheeks and spread legs looked pretty good to the sex-starved Marine.

Quickly he crawled onto the bed and poised his broad cockhead over the tiny ass opening smeared with grease. His cock jerked in his hand, not caring where it was buried, needing that hot male contact! Pre-cum dripped from the flaring opening, adding to the lubrication. Guy held the head at the opening and shoved.

"Aaacckkkk!" the captain howled. "Easy, man! You'll tear me up with that huge thing if you're not careful! Take it slow, dammit!"

By this time, Guy was in no mood for sensitivity.

"You wanted to get fucked, sir, and you're going to get fucked! Here it comes, ready or not!" With that, he pressed down again, popped through the ass ring, and moved steadily onward, the captain gasping and groaning.

Guy was not a violent man, but this situation was not of his making, and the captain irked him, taking advantage of his rank when Guy would rather be with—well, maybe Randy—and he took a certain satisfaction from the position of superiority over the ship's captain even though the consequences could be disastrous to his career. But at this point, his only concern was to get his rocks off up the shit-chute of the cringing man below.

"Oh, God, oh, God," the captain muttered over and over, but after Guy hit bottom and let his cock soak for a moment, the tone of voice seemed to change to a prayer of thankfulness rather than a groan of pain. When Guy started to pick up his rhythm, fucking in and out with long strokes, the captain began to gurgle happily, his asshole tight around Guy's thick prickshaft. And when Guy pulled almost all the way out with each stroke, striking the captain's tense prostate with each movement, the groans turned to gasps and murmurs of pleasure. The older man squirmed and writhed in joy as he was fucked from the rear. He gripped the edge of the bunk tightly, holding on for his life.

Guy was in no mood for leisurely love-making. His fever rose steadily as he picked up his pace, the tight, hot ass gripping his huge cock tightly. “How do you like it, Captain?” he grunted. “Big Marine prick up your ass, Captain!”

Captain Lewis could only moan happily. “Oh, yes, fuck me with that monster prick! Shove it deep up my ass, way up in my gut, Marine! You’re a fuckin’ horse!”

This remark was not welcomed by the man on top. “Horse, am I? Maybe so, but you like that horse-cock up your hot ass, don’t you, sir? You want me to flood your ass with my hot juice, don’t you, sir? And I’ll do it, too, sir, I’ll shove this horse prick deep in your strugglin’ ass like this... and this... and deeper like this! And then I’ll shoot deep in your fuckin’ gut like this and this!”

Guy was shocked by his own violence and arrogance with the ship’s captain, even if he was spread out beneath him with his ass plugged. But the captain’s hot, tight ass and the willingness of the older man, his obvious enjoyment of the brutal treatment, combined to bring on his climax with explosive force, and he rammed his mammoth prick deeper than ever before as he shot his wad. Thick streams of white gushed into the squirming captain, overflowing his narrow ass channel and puddling on the sheet between his twisting legs. Still Guy fucked in and out with hard, long strokes, the broad cockhead jabbing the tensing prostate each time.

As his spurts began to dwindle and his peak passed, he began to worry about how the captain would react to the near rape. He suddenly became very quiet and, after a moment to let his cock shrink somewhat, eased his prick out very gently. He knelt panting between the captain’s legs, afraid to breathe, afraid of the captain’s wrath.

Finally the captain stirred and slowly turned over. He was grinning broadly as his face came into view, and the sticky cum smear on his belly told its own tale.

“Never, never have I been fucked so thoroughly, so enjoyably, Corporal. Thank you. And if you don’t want to be with the guard squad, that’s OK, as long as you come back and repeat your performance once in a while. Is it a bargain?” He smiled and held out his hand, a friendly gentleman after all.

“It’s a deal, Captain. I’d rather not be with the guard squad, if you don’t mind?”

The captain smiled with understanding and then he lay back, his eyes drifting close in total contentment. When Guy tiptoed out, the captain’s breathing was very regular, the face much more relaxed than when he had entered.

CHAPTER SIX

As the carrier, with its circular screen of destroyers, continued south and west, the temperature and humidity rose. The days were sunny and hot and the nights were close and sticky, especially in the crew's berthing spaces which were not air conditioned, of course. The natives were growing restless.

It was after nine P.M. when Carl stopped in the library to pick up Jimmy and Mike.

"It's a hot night, just right for some fantail action. I saw some of the Marines heading back there a few minutes ago. Come on!"

When the three sailors stepped out on the open deck of the fantail just above the steering compartment, the night was pitch-black. The hiss of the water bubbling up from the twin screws to form the wide silver wake was the only sound, except for an occasional rumble from the steering engines as the helmsman changed the angle of the rudder to remain on course. Dark clouds obscured the moon except for short glimpses through breaks in the gathering overcast.

They stood very still for a moment, trying to adjust their vision to the deep darkness and listening for telltale sounds. At first there was only silence, but then a few liquid slurping sounds could be heard faintly from behind some vague gray shapes on the starboard side. Still they crouched listening, allowing their vision to accommodate, grinning at each other with their knowledge.

Suddenly the silence was shattered by the noisy opening of the hatch door to the main deck and light pierced the darkness as the hatch noisily swung open to the rattle of garbage cans. One of the mess cooks began to throw the last garbage of the day overboard. The remnants of the night meal dotted the bubbling water fanning out from the ship's stern for a few moments, but almost before the cook had returned to the galley, they had disappeared. And also by that time the mysterious sounds had begun again in the darkness of the fantail.

Scanning the darkness intently, Carl detected a tall, bulky shadow move nearby and then the muted scratch of a cigarette lighter. The tiny light outlined a rugged face with a dark mustache, an overseas cap—a style worn by both naval officers and Marines—and a dungaree shirt open to the waist. Then the light was gone, replaced by the burning tip of a cigarette hanging loosely from his lips.

Carl glided silently toward the figure. He had not recognized the brief glimpse of the face, but that was not unusual. Since much of the crew was new, especially the Marine detachment and the Air Group, there were many men who might be expected to wear that sort of uniform who were strangers.

It made no difference, anyway.

Using the lighted cigarette as a beacon, Carl moved silently to the man's side. His fingers touched a hairy chest, and the figure jumped slightly.

Using the shape of the defined pectoral muscle as a guide, Carl moved over to the tiny nipple and tweaked it gently. He heard a soft sigh, and the tall shape turned toward him slightly. Then Carl was able to finger both nipples and stroke the broad chest covered with crisp, curly hair. A low hum, maybe a moan, told him the touch was welcome.

Carl felt a soft pressure against his stiffening cock inside his dungarees. Fingers caressed his lengthening bulge which lurched to full rigidity. Momentarily, Carl was disappointed; his fantasy had painted the tall figure as trade, needing a blow job but not interested in being active, which was Carl's favorite type. But the large masculine body covered with virile down, the solid belly muscles he was caressing, and his brief glimpse of the rugged face left no doubt of the man's attractiveness.

He began to unfasten the belt, and then he realized his sexmate was a Marine. It was a Marine belt. He loved Marines! Quickly he opened the fly, encountering lots of coarse pubic hair and then a thick, hot cock root that started him trembling with desire. At the same time two hands were busy unfastening Carl's pants, just as anxious to bare his body, it seemed.

Slowly, still operating by touch alone, Carl pulled the pants lower and gently extracted the long, thick cock muscle which seemed nearly at full staff. Long, heavy prick, hot to the touch, broad head, throbbing in his

trembling grasp! And then the balls, heavy, hairy handfuls. Carl gripped the whole set in both fists, thrilled with the massiveness, the rigid excitement, the pulsing power in his hands.

Similarly, his own stiff cock and balls were being released and fondled in strong fists, both men moaning with pleasure from the warm touch. Carl's pants were eased down and they fell around his ankles.

Carl held the big balls in one fist as he stroked the long prickshaft with the other. The bulbous cockhead oozed in his hand. Carl licked up the sweet pre-cum from his palm and went back for more. The Marine stiffened as Carl caressed him.

He must be hot as a firecracker, Carl thought. I'll have to go easy—don't want him to cum too soon!

Then the Marine put both hands on Carl's shoulders, pressing downward none too gently, signaling his desire for Carl's mouth. Carl started down immediately, only too happy to serve the stalwart figure. Then he counted hands. The Marine's two hands were on his shoulders, he was sure, but there were another two hands holding his balls and stroking his prick with long, rotating slides.

As Carl sank to his knees, the third pair of hands dropped with him, reluctant to lose contact with such a long, stiff cock and primed balls.

Nor did Carl discourage the attention—he was ready for a good three-way!

That thick Marine cock pulsed in Carl's face, and automatically his lips embraced the broad prickhead with a warm kiss. The Marine thrust forward, anxious to sink his cockshaft deep in the sailor's mouth, but Carl pretended for the moment that he was not willing to take it all. Instead he licked and nibbled around the ridge of the throbbing prickhead, lapping up the moisture as it formed at the tip. Again the Marine tried to force his cock deep, but again Carl pulled back tantalizingly. For the first time the Marine spoke.

“Oh, Christ, man, take it! Take that prick all the way down, man. Suck it, suck it!”

Carl had been right—this Marine was hot and on the verge already! Take it slow!

Cautiously Carl wrapped his lips tight around that thick shaft and swooped all the way to the base, his tongue lashing, cheeks sucking, conforming to the massive shape.

“Ahhhhhh,” the Marine sighed heavily. “I’ve been needin’ that for a long time, man! Nothing like a sailor for a blow job!”

Carl slowly eased all the way up and off.

“Fuckin’ aye, gyrene,” he growled, and swooped all the way down again.

The Marine fucked hard into the sailor’s throat, and Carl pulled back, afraid his peak was near. Again the Marine almost whimpered from frustration, needing his cock sucked hard, deep, needing a hot blast into a gulping throat.

Carl thought the third man had deserted them, but then he felt his presence again, this time between his spread knees on the deck. And then he felt hot breath on his asshole and a tongue circling, homing in on Carl’s asshole. A masculine face with a one-day stubble was between his knees. Tender lips fastened to his opening, kissing and lapping, teasing the muscles open to admit the probing tongue. Carl groaned, his asshole still sensitive from the fist-fucking a few days before, but he welcomed the gentle approach.

Carl could make out the silhouette of the towering Marine against the lighter sky, his arms still resting on Carl’s shoulders. Carl reached up and gently twisted his taut nipples, caressed his hairy chest, and cupped his bulging pectorals as he again took the Marine’s huge prick deep in his throat. This time the Marine forced his cock all the way down and stayed there, raping the clenching throat in his need for a hot haven for his throbbing prick. Carl thrilled to the ravaging approach, knowing he would soon receive a blistering load of hot Marine cum from the beautiful cock that threatened to cut off his wind. He moaned around the prick and at the same time felt his own cock being taken into the hot mouth below.

“Oh, yeah, hot sailor mouth... fuckin’ hot throat wantin’ my cum... fuck your cocksuckin’ face, sailor!” And with that, the Marine began to

fuck in and out, back and forth, holding Carl's head immobile as he forced the sailor to take his prick.

Carl reached around the slim hips, easing the pants down, and grasped the tight ass cheeks of the Marine, pulling the thrusting hips even closer, fucking his own mouth harder than the hulking Marine had dared.

"Oh, Christ!" the Marine groaned. "You love it, don't you? Hot cock in your cocksucking mouth, fuckin' your cocksuckin' mouth! Yeah! Marine prick in a sailor hole! That's where it belongs!"

Carl felt his own cock fucking far down a hot throat and then a groan from below. From the hesitation in the cocksucker's action, Carl surmised that something was going on at the cocksucker's other end, but couldn't turn to see. Then from the rear he felt two new hands on his shoulders and a moaning voice in his ear.

"Stiff prick's up my ass chute," the husky voice whispered. "I'm sittin' on your cocksucker's prick, his fuckin' longhorn deep inside! Goin' to fuck my ass while you take that big Marine load!"

Carl had all he could handle at the moment, with that thick prick down his throat and his own cock meat fucking in a hot mouth below. But as he picked up a rhythm, moving up and down that torrid tool, fucking his own face as the Marine wanted, the deep voice continued to urge him on.

"Yeah, suck that huge hammer! Fuckin' juicy prick and hairy balls! Squeeze those pulsatin' balls! Fuckin' horsecock on that big Marine, man! Eat his meat, suck his shaft!"

The guttural hot-talk was in rhythm with the man's ass moving up and down on the rigid cock fucking him from below. Carl could feel him change motion to a circular pattern, milking the prick with his hot ass. The Marine picked up the patter.

"You got it, man! You got my fuckin' number and you're going to get my fuckin' hot load, too! Suck that prick hard, man! Take it like a man! Like a Marine!"

Carl's jaw was beginning to ache from the stretch required to take the Marine's huge tool, and his throat was burning from the battering the thick cockhead was giving him, but he loved it, every thrust, every juicy inch.

And his own cock was throbbing threateningly, his balls churning as they lay wetly on the slurping face below.

Please cum! Carl begged silently. Please fill my suckin' mouth with your sweet juice! Squirt your fuckin' load right in my face, Marine!

Suddenly the broad fists of the towering Marine clamped down on Carl's head, shoving his pulsing prick deep in Carl's throat and mashing his nose against the fragrant, hairy crotch.

"Ahhhhhhhhh—SHIT!" The bellow must have been audible on the bridge. It was the triumphal cry of an animal in excruciating pain-joy, the explosion of a passion bomb, the eruption of hot lava from a long-dormant volcano!

Hot cum flooded Carl's gasping throat, spurt after spurt, torrents of salty-sweet fuck juice which had been stored too long. The deluge left Carl choking, the spurts of cum washing through him like tidal waves. He was almost unaware that he had fired off his own cum-load into the mysterious third man below. His brain whirled with the overwhelming sensuality, the masculine power sweeping over and through him, his cum gushing in response to the Marine's. And then the third man apparently shot high into the ass of the man on top.

"Oh, fuck! Hot juice squirting high up in my ass! Thick prick throbbing, jerking... goin' to cum too... cumming... cumming... YAAAAAAA!" His teeth sank into Carl's shoulder in his ecstasy.

The Marine was still cumming. "Yeah, suck cock... fuck ass! Shoot that fuckin' cum into those fuckin' sailor holes! Hot suckin' mouth!"

Quickly Carl pulled back and off the Marine's spurting cock, determined to make his fantasy come true. He held the giant Marine cock above his face and took some of the jetting fuck cream over his cheeks, chin and nose, almost bathing in the hot cum squirting out between his fingers, glorying in the flood of fuck juice. Only when his face was smeared and covered with sweet cock cream did he gobble the cock down again, taking the last dribbles of cum in his throat.

The pain in Carl's shoulder added to his pleasure at the peak moment, but still he was happy when the man's jaws relaxed. The Marine's prick was tapering off as was his own, and gradually his mind was returning to earth.

The cocksucker below had literally swallowed the spongy head of Carl's cock, taking his cum directly into his stomach and turning Carl to jelly from exquisite pleasure.

Carl drew back to the Marine's still-dribbling cockhead, holding it loosely as he gasped for air. He could feel the Marine begin to relax, his rigid ass and thigh muscles gradually softening as did his cock. The man's hairy fist patted Carl's cheek almost like a severe master rewarding a dog.

"Damn good, sailor! Navy mouths need a good big load once in a while, don't they?"

From behind Carl came that husky voice with a quiet comment, "So do Marine asses, Sarge!"

The Marine gasped, obviously recognizing the voice, but there was no time for an answer. At that moment the door to the main deck slammed open and a burly figure strode out onto the fantail in the flood of light from the open door.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Everyone froze where they were, startled by the sudden appearance of an obviously disturbed Chief Master-at-Arms, the man most responsible for discipline aboard the ship. The chief stood peering into the darkness, framed by the lighted hatch opening, hands on hips, ready to accuse but unable to see anything on the blacked-out fantail.

The chief was in his thirties, a tall, bearded quartermaster with the beginnings of gray in his hair and beard, but a trim body and no-nonsense manner. He was Navy through and through.

The soft rustle of clothing was heard from several directions as dungarees were hastily pulled up. A muttered curse was also audible as a zipper caught in pubic hair.

“Where are you?” the chief demanded, staring into the darkness. “I know you’re out here, and I’m pretty sure what you were doin’. Can’t see a damn thing on this bloody fantail.” He ventured farther astern, but his eyes were still blinded from exposure to the bright light inside. Even the wake was dark as ink under the overcast sky.

A shadow moved close to the bulkhead and the figure of a Marine sergeant, tall and muscular, glided through the open hatch door and into the passageway. Quickly the door was closed after him, shutting out the bright light that had framed the chief. He spun around, but the action had been too fast. He had not seen the figure and was now left in total darkness.

“Who was that?” he demanded of the blackness. “Where are you, cocksuckers? When I catch you I’m going to—what’s that?”

The chief thought he felt a gentle touch on the curve of his ass, but when he put his hand back there, there was nobody there.

“Should have brought a fuckin’ flashlight,” he muttered, looking in all directions but seeing nothing.

Carl, Mike, and Jim approached the handsome chief cautiously. Soon his eyes would adjust to the darkness and their advantage would be lost.

Until then, maybe Carl could indulge in one of his fantasies. He had desired the chief for a long time, and this might be his only opportunity.

He motioned for Mike and Jim to approach from the other side, and together they drew near the towering figure without his knowledge. Together they began to caress his broad chest gently, barely touching, so that their hands seemed to flutter even as they unbuttoned his shirt.

“Hey, what’s going on here?” the chief roared. “Get the fuck away from me!” He turned away, but the sailors moved with him, unfastening his shirt buttons one by one, baring his hairy chest to the night air.

“Get away, I said! Fuckin’ cocksuckers! I know what you were doin’ out here! Take your hands off...”

Quick sure fingers had unfastened his belt and waistband. He turned around, only to feel his fly opening wide and at the same time a gentle tweaking of one tiny bare nipple.

“Ummmm,” he moaned, responding to the caress in spite of himself. Then another hand grasped his other nipple and smoothed it, caressed it, pinched it tenderly. There was a sharp intake of breath.

He was unaware that his pants were slowly falling, eased down by two hands behind him, until the hands cupped his ass cheeks.

“Hey, what? My ass...”

Again he started to turn away, but his cock was then grasped in front by a smooth, warm hand. Belying his words, his prick was well on its way to hardness, thick and throbbing, swelling in the gentle hand.

“You fuckin’ guys, get away from me!” the chief moaned, but he made no move to avoid the friendly hands anymore. That masculine but gentle hand on his cock drove all other thoughts from his mind, and when his balls were cupped and fondled he could only stand mute, tension growing.

A warm mouth and teasing teeth fastened themselves to his left nipple. He groaned in response, his eyes closed in enjoyment, and then the same treatment given to the other tiny nub. Wild! His nipples tensed, hardening like his thick prick below.

Other hands continued to caress his taut ass cheeks, fingertips dipping into his dark ass crack. Hair grew profusely there, but then a fingertip moved lower and teased his hairless, tightly closed asshole.

“Ugh!” the chief grunted at the touch, his ass muscles tightening defensively. But then the hand on his cock grew rougher, starting to stroke the thick length of his prick assertively. His hips thrust forward, his hard-on in total control of his reactions.

Suddenly he felt moist warmth on his ball sac and then the unmistakable touch of a lapping tongue, tantalizing his hairy sac and pleasing his dancing balls. He spread his legs to improve the access. That helped, for immediately both balls were sucked into the hot mouth and a darting tongue rolled them around inside, while the hand still stroked him slowly.

“Oh, fuck,” he groaned. He didn’t mean it literally, of course, but the man behind may have taken him seriously. The chief tensed to a new contact, a licking tongue in his ass crack, at first at the top but slowly moving downward, probing deeper, heading for his most intimate spot.

His pants were now on the deck and he was being made love to by at least four men, but the chief was oblivious to everything except the virility coursing through his aroused frame, the rising fever of a sensuous man being stroked as only another man can do it. He noticed warm flesh contact on his naked thigh, first on one side and then both sides, stiff cocks stroked slowly, pressed against his hairy legs, smearing pre-cum from oozing tips.

The probing tongue was insistent but frustrated in reaching its target. A firm hand on his back urged him to bend forward, and when he did, the hot tongue tip found its bull’s-eye. Straight into the tiny ass ring the tongue tip intruded, and the chief’s knees began to tremble.

“Oh, shit,” he mumbled unbelievably. The tongue attacked the chief’s ass more vigorously as if attempting to find some treat deep inside. The chief groaned and spread his legs wide, bending over to open his ass wide to the mouth. This displaced the nipple-suckers, but their work was finished. The stiff cocks remained pressed against his thighs and seemed to grow hotter in the excited hands.

Then the warm mouth below released his balls and switched to his cockhead, taking his throbbing prick into its warmth with eagerness.

“Ahhhhhh, yessss,” the chief whispered.

The talented mouth was moving down his long cock, sucking in his hot prickmeat until the depths were plumbed and his cockhead rested deep in the eager throat.

“Oh, man, suck it, yeah, suck it,” the chief said as his rigid cock throbbed. “Fuckin’ suckin’ hot mouth, take my prick deep... oh, man, yeah!”

The cocksucker moved back to his prickhead, teased the ridge for a moment with his tongue, then dove down all the way, sucking his cock deep as the chief had ordered. After all, he was the Master-at-Arms and his master cock seemed to prove it.

The chief was trembling violently by that time, two anxious mouths working on his erogenous zones, probing his ass deeply and sucking his cock wildly, having their way with him. For the first time, the chief took the initiative. Roughly he grasped the two cocks pressing against his thighs and began to jerk them in rhythm with the cocksucker below. The hot prickmeat in his hands added to his excitement as did the happy moans from the sailors attached to those pricks. The cocksucker’s hand was still grasping his balls, wet with dripping saliva, fondling and pulling down gently, raising his fever another notch. He bent low, his legs spread widely, knees trembling.

A husky voice whispered in his ear. “Hot meat in both fists, Chief, hot men eating your ass, sucking your stiff prick, making love to you on all sides. Beautiful, man! Feel the hot blood rush through your veins, thrilling to the man-sex, man-love, man-to-man fucking!” There was a moment of silence filled only with the slurping sounds of mouth on cock and quiet smacks from lips kissing the relaxing asshole. “Only one thing missing...”

The chief understood immediately what the voice meant. So when he felt a warm pulsing prick against his cheek, he opened his mouth to take it in, gingerly at first, and then more enthusiastically as he became accustomed to the spongy prickhead and oozing sweetness. The velvet cockhead throbbed with excitement, but the chief was hesitant—what if the boy came in his mouth? And then he forgot his squeamishness under the pressure of the whole event—his asshole being hotly ravaged, his balls

being stroked and pulled hotly, his own cock being sucked almost violently, his fists full of cock meat! It was only logical that he have a prick in his mouth, sip the sweet pre-cum, work down the throbbing cockshaft, feel the pulsing power of maleness given to him to enjoy. Wanting more, he took more prick, feeling the broad cockhead strike his throat before he pulled back, then sucking his way down the smooth prickshaft again. That time he felt pubic hair tickle his nose and he experienced a new elation from taking most of the man-sized cock. The next time he forced his way past the awkward point of gagging controlling his reflexes until the cockhead entered his throat and he could bury his nose in the pubic bush.

“Ah, yes, suck cock, take man-cock in your man-mouth, pulsing prick for your pleasure, to suck, suck, suck...” the husky voice murmured.

The chief was vaguely aware that the two men whose cocks he still gripped tightly, jerking them erratically, were working on the standing man who was feeding him his cock. The man groaned and fucked into the chief's throat as their lips fastened on his sensitive nipples. The chief thrilled to the knowledge that he could take the thick cock flesh, juicy and hot, could bring the man to the trembling peak of ecstasy. The cock throbbed in his mouth, but now the chief looked forward to the climactic moment, wondering how cum would taste, anxious to experience the ultimate in sexuality with another man.

Something new was happening behind him. A finger moved into his relaxed ass channel although the tongue continued to lap and slurp around the ass opening. The finger moved in a circle, smoothing the chief's virginal ass tissues, soothing the involuntary clenching of his ass muscles. That increased the boiling in his balls, and he again began to tremble, this time in near climax. He groaned but did not give up the rigid prick in his mouth. The man began to fuck into his face, fucking him hard.

His eyes were adjusting to the darkness now and he could see the kneeling figure taking his cock, but he deliberately closed his eyes. He sensed that his enjoyment would be enhanced by not knowing exactly who or what was going on.

And then another finger took its place beside the first in his ass, screwing his ass channel but causing no pain, only filling him, satisfying a yearning he had never known existed until then. As the invaders moved,

they struck the chief's prostate a glancing touch, enough to start tingles in his toes, and when the fingers began to fuck in and out slowly, the knuckles rode over the budding gland gently. The trembling in his knees became a violent shaking as the tide began to move, bubbling up, threatening to spill over.

“Hot men and hot meat!” the hoarse voice rasped. “Hot pricks and hot assholes! Suck and fuck! Goin’ to fill your suckin’ mouth with hot man-cum, Chief, and you’re goin’ to like it... to love it... sweet cream for your fuckin’, suckin’ mouth...”

The words set the chief afire as a rushing wave swept up his shaking body. At that moment, both fingers in his ass jabbed his prostate hard, and he was carried far and high as his cum gushed into his cocksucker's slurping mouth.

He moaned loudly around the thick cock in his mouth, but there wasn't time for that. His man also moaned and fucked hard into the chief's clenching mouth, flooding his throat with hot cream! Sweet, salty, thick and rich, fuck juice loaded with sperm, all for him as he gave his own essence to another, a perfect union. And as his senses reeled and his body shook, he felt the two fingers in his ass replaced by a hot, blunt cockshaft, shoving deep. There was a little pain mixed with pleasure as the prick advanced, but the moment he felt hairy balls mash against his ass, the thick cock jerked and sprayed his ass channel with hot juice, soothing away the pain and adding to his own convulsive climax.

Both pricks in his hands were soaking his palms with their warmth, the fuck juice sticky and thick. The chief was staggering, unable to conceive of the reality of the moment. His mouth was still receiving gushing flows of cum, his ass was flooded to overflowing, his hands were slippery, and his own cum was still spurting into a man's mouth, a man who swallowed his jism eagerly as he shot his own wad over his belly. The dark fantail echoed with the happy groans of the men of the USS Folsom, climaxing together in man-to-man fucking—caring for each other.

If it had not been for the supporting arms of the man behind him, the chief would have fallen on the deck, overcome with the intensity of his sensations. His own cock slowed and stopped its emission, and the cock in his mouth dribbled to a conclusion. He was still impaled by the long stiff

cock deep in his ass, soaking and filling him with pleasure now that his body had accepted its massiveness. The pricks in his hands softened and he relinquished them, but his arms hung limply, appearing lifeless. His cocksucker released his cock and moved his hands up to help support the chief's weight. Then gradually they eased him to the deck. The chief opened his eyes, this time to a new dimension. The man held him in his arms, cradling him during those minutes of shock and revelation of his own deep desires previously denied but at last understood. The other men looked down at the tender scene, understanding the moment, awed by the unspoken love and sharing, the man-to-man communication.

Then quietly they dressed and returned to their sleeping quarters in silence, but Carl and the chief remained behind, whispering together, exploring each other's mind and body. And before the dawn turned the wake silver, they again shared their masculinity, both reveling in their hard maleness, their pulsing passion, the deep thrill of discovery of shared feelings and understanding they could express together. They sipped sweet cum from the source and found love, man to man.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Marine Captain Broderick slouched in the desk chair in his tiny private office, his dark mood showing in the clenching of his fingers around the pencil. Since he was the commanding officer of the Marine detachment he rated a private airconditioned office, but tonight he needed more than this minor convenience. The distinct bulge in his crotch suggested what he really needed. All day, the atmosphere around the ship had seemed tense, probably brought on by the rising wind and tossing sea, the edge of a typhoon which would probably be upon them with full force tomorrow. But a more important storm to Brod was the turbulence inside him, fueled by his loaded balls.

Frustration sat poorly on Brod's shoulders. On land he managed to keep on an even keel with many sex partners, never settling down, always looking for someone new, looking for someone he could be sure was really in love with him as a person, not a rangy, sex-starved body in a uniform. He had had the usual Marine upbringing, getting fucked once or twice a week by his drill sergeant in training, which was no big deal, and now that he was a commanding officer, he had the pick of his own men. But somehow he always felt guilty to put the finger on one of the men. Sure, they knew what was expected, and they all took their turn, but deep down Brod always wondered what they really thought of him—maybe they had wives or lovers somewhere and were only tolerating sex with Brod because they were forced into it.

But the persistent itch in his groin and the thrusting prick extending down his leg were not to be ignored. Irritably he snatched up the duty roster, closed his eyes, and let his finger drop on the page without looking. Then he picked up the phone, dialed the Marine compartment, and ordered that man to his office. When the expected knock came at the door, he growled, "Come in!" without even looking up.

"Corporal Moore reporting as ordered, sir!"

Now that he was there, Brod hesitated, staring at the top of the desk.

Moore. A really hunky little guy with a big cock, a damn good Marine, too good for—wonder if he has a lover? Even if he doesn't, he should have somebody to hold him close on lonely nights on the edge of a storm.

"Flip the lock, Corporal," Brod muttered.

Guy knew why he had been ordered to appear, of course. It wasn't entirely unwelcome, either. He had been thinking too much lately, especially since he had met that big blonde sailor, Randy. His romp with Captain Lewis had slaked his appetite for a couple of hours, but his dreams were full of erotic action with the tall blond Marine, and he found himself jacking off repeatedly to fantasies which made him blush to remember. Maybe a fuck with his commanding officer would bring him back to reality, even though he resented this kind of command performance.

The captain continued to muse silently for a moment, then swung around in his chair suddenly, his legs spread.

"On your knees, Corporal!" His voice was harsh and flat, the stern commanding officer. "It's your turn!"

With no hesitation, Guy dropped to his knees between the officer's legs. The huge swelling under the uniform held his gaze, and his own prick began to lengthen.

"Ya see this prick, Corporal?" Brod gripped his thick cocktube in a hairy fist, pants and all. "You're going to suck it for a while, until I tell you to stop! Now hop to it!"

His face nearly expressionless, Guy obeyed his orders. First he kissed the head end of that hidden prick through the khakis, careful not to drool.

Then he moved up the length, kissing the cockshaft tenderly, feeling the captain's prick throb invitingly and the officer's legs tense reflexively.

When he reached the hot crotch, he moved lower, kissing the softer bulge of the heavy balls between the muscular thighs. He glanced up at the rugged face above, but the captain's eyes were closed, his mouth tense.

Obviously he needs man-sex badly, Guy thought, not unhappy to be able to serve his commanding officer. There was no denying that Brod was a sexy guy.

His lips pressed to the packed crotch, he began to unbutton the captain's shirt, spreading it open to uncover the hairy chest. He took a moment to caress the bulging, firm muscles there and tangle his fingers in the curly hair between Brod's nipples, but his instinct told him the captain was not really in the mood for gentleness. Next he tackled the belt and fly and soon the man's dark crotch was exposed, his broad cock root visible, and he fastened his lips to Brod's prick, his own excitement growing.

The captain sighed, his eyes still closed, savoring the moment of first flesh touch. Guy also was in no hurry to proceed. The man's prick was hot and pulsing. The pubic hair tickled his nose pleasantly, and he inhaled the manly scent of Brod's sweaty crotch contentedly. He began to lap the swollen flesh and the curly dark hairs, leaving the decision to the captain on when and how to proceed.

Brod smiled at the worshipping Marine and rested his rough hand on the bent head for a moment. But then his drive reasserted itself. He needed that hot mouth, those full red lips, around his prick. Now!

He raised his hips a few inches and waited until Guy had pulled down his pants, removing them completely. His massive prick sprang joyfully upright, the thick cockstem and even larger prickhead nodding in readiness. Guy turned back to continue, his eyes full of that thick tool so rugged and tempting.

"Wait!" the captain growled. "Take off your clothes."

While Guy quickly stripped, the captain also removed his shirt and shoes.

The young Marine turned away shyly as he undressed, unaware that the captain's eyes were fixed on his trim, hairy ass cheeks and the dark ass crack between. When he turned to face the captain, his huge cock swung heavily against his thighs, and it throbbed higher as he looked at the nude captain seated, his muscular legs spread wide, his long cock standing tall, and his heavy balls hanging over the edge of the chair seat. Guy did not miss the quick look of approval the captain gave the young man's huge cock, outsized by all standards. But Guy could not expect to be satisfied.

His assignment was to satisfy his commanding officer. He dropped to his knees again, ready to serve his totally masculine leader.

“All right, Corporal, suck your captain’s prick!”

Unhesitatingly Guy dove down on Brod’s towering cock, taking the tip to tongue greedily, then sliding down to capture all Brod’s prick.

“Yeah, kid,” Brod sighed with great relief, the hot willing mouth already beginning to ease his aching need. “Take it all down your sucking throat! Take it like a man, like a Marine!”

Guy needed no more urging. Brod’s hot cockshaft with its thick veins, the spongy prickhead throbbing as Brod’s cock filled his mouth, the massive length reflecting the total masculinity of the captain, was enough to start his own fires. He could forget that he had been ordered to do this; this was a terrifically sexy man and a beautiful cock which deserved the best of treatment. The head of his own huge prick rested on the floor between his knees as he gulped down the captain’s rigid cock, attempting to take it all as ordered. It was difficult. He choked in his first try.

“Take it slow, Moore,” Brod grunted. “You got to work up to it. Slide it in slowly now... and take the rest by the numbers! Ahhhh, yeah, that’s better. Hot, tight throat around my cockhead, swallowing that stiff prick like a man! Goddam good cocksucker, Moore!”

Praise from his commanding officer always buoyed his spirits, and this time the pleasure was superimposed on the undiluted joy of sucking that beautiful cock. Guy groaned partially in response but mostly in the sensual thrill of the moment, loving the throbbing of the broad cockhead deep in his throat.

“Ahhhhhhh, man, I’ve been needin’ this for days, my fuckin’ cock down a hot mouth! That a boy—now up for air, slowly—now all the way down again, deep! Deep! Suck it deep!” Brod ordered. Even getting his cock sucked he was directing the action.

Guy began to suck all the way down, then moved back all the way to the velvet cockhead, then all the way down again. The captain squirmed and moaned in the office chair, his legs thrashing, his fists opening and closing in his excitement. Then Guy grasped the heavy balls hanging low, dripping now with his saliva, and twisted not too gently, sliding, caressing roughly.

The captain moaned louder, making no move to object.

“Loaded balls in a hairy fist! Man balls, Marine! Full of hot cum! You’re going to take that cum, Marine, take it like a man, just like you’re sucking that prick!” But suddenly the captain pulled back. “Wait! Too hot... don’t want to cum yet. You got a hot mouth, boy!”

The captain leaned back catching his breath and staring at the young man.

Guy stared back, his mouth slack, wishing for cock contact, and he began to stroke his own heavy prick for the first time. The nude, hairy captain, prick bobbing near to climax, was an exciting sight.

“Put on your cap, Moore! I want my cocksuckers in uniform!”

Not until the cap was exactly straight in place was Guy allowed to continue. The captain’s gaze burned as Guy began again, taking first the cockhead and then quickly moving to take the entire prick. He stole glances upward from time to time, enjoying the pleasure he could see on the captain’s face. The captain smiled.

“Suck my balls, man,” Brod ordered, and Guy immediately took the egg-sized balls one at a time in his mouth. He stroked the man’s tall prick above as he licked and rolled the balls around warmly. Brod hissed through his teeth as the hot tongue and rough hand performed their magic. Again his blood began to boil and Guy had to stop. Guy looked up at the tall captain and stroked his own cock, waiting for him to cool down, impatient now for his climax. But Brod had other ideas.

“Lean over that desk, Moore!”

New ball game! thought Guy. It was really his turn in the barrel, that was for sure. That huge cock could really do some damage, he thought ruefully, but immediately took his position as ordered, cap still on his head. He leaned his elbows on the desk, his ass at practically the same height, and waited for the invasion. He closed his eyes, preferring not to see what was going to happen.

But he was shocked to feel a moist warmth on his hairy ass cheek. Captain Broderick was kneeling behind, his hands caressing Guy’s round ass cheeks, his thumbs spreading and opening Guy’s dark ass crack.

“That’s a beautiful ass, Corporal... a hairy man’s ass. I’m going to fuck it, but first I’m going to eat it... stick my tongue in there and open it up, lick it and lap it until it begs for my stiff prick! Spread your legs, boy. Let me see that pretty hole!”

Guy spread his hairy legs as he was ordered and moaned with the hot contact with the darting probe, the tongue lapping around and into the tight muscle ring. “Yeah, eat it!” he whispered almost to himself. “Hot tongue up my hot asshole, yeah, lick it deep! Fuck me with your tongue and then fuck me with your prick! Stiff Marine prick!”

“Fuckin’ aye,” the captain mumbled, his tongue dipping deeply, satisfied with the relaxing, the opening of the boy’s chute, and loving the smell and the taste of the man. As Guy’s ass muscles relaxed, he pressed on, working deeper, lapping and tonguing until his ass cheeks quivered. Guy was becoming more and more anxious.

“Oh, please, fuck me! Fuck me now! Ram that thick pole up my ass and fuck, fuck, fuck!” Guy pleaded and commanded, forgetting that the captain would make those decisions.

But Brod was thrilled that he could instill such strong desires in the young Marine. His yearning excited Brod and jolted his reserve. He stood up, smeared some saliva on his pulsing cockhead and inserted his dripping cockhead into the relaxed opening, leaving his prick there with the head just inside.

Guy stiffened but immediately relaxed, waiting for more. He waited but nothing happened. Still he waited.

“Please, sir, shove it in, please! I can take it, sir, please! Sink that big Marine prick in me to the hilt, sir, please! I can take it! I want it!”

Brod smiled, his patience rewarded. The boy was begging to be fucked, for his cock up his ass!

“You sure can, Corporal! And here it is, all at once!” Brod shoved hard and long, watching his long prickshaft part the sensitive tissues and invade Guy’s narrow ass channel unrelentingly. Guy groaned and bit his lip as the man’s massive cock stretched him wide. But he was a man, a Marine, and could take anything a man wanted to dish out! He gasped and clenched his

teeth, but finally he felt scratchy pubic hair against his tender asshole and knew that the worst was over. As he began to relax the pain diminished.

Brod had never fucked a man without some lubricant before, but he used only saliva with Guy. Why? He wondered himself. Why did he always have to prove something? But the corporal took it like a man, and his hot ass gripping the throbbing prick was heavenly to the trembling officer.

“Oh, man, hot Marine ass around hot Marine cock! Made for each other! Goin’ to fuck the shit out of you, Corporal, ’cause that’s what corporals are for! Velvet asshole, clinging as I pull out... kissing my cock as I shove in... hot lips to stroke hot flesh... in and out... take it deep, man!”

Both men were trembling now, building toward the impending climax, loving every touch, every movement, man to man. Guy began to stroke his own cock in time with the fucking of his ass. Brod noticed.

“You got a huge cock, Corporal. I want to see you shoot your wad!”

Brod abruptly pulled out, leaving Guy shaking and weak, and turned the corporal over, his back on the desk, his legs in the air supported by the captain’s arms. The captain adjusted the cap on the corporal’s head before proceeding. Exactly straight ahead, like his cock that extended beyond his navel, throbbing and oozing. Brod’s eyes were fixed on Guy’s long thick prick as he reentered, his own cock high in Guy’s ass which he had fully conquered. And then he could see the happy smile on Guy’s face as he began to fuck in and out, fucking far and deep, loving the heat and the tension and the rising tide moving in and up and washing everything ahead of it. He tried to stop again, knowing that the end was near. But this time he couldn’t.

“Please... please fuck me! Give me your hot cum... squirt it up my ass, sir!” Guy held his own legs back, opening his ass wide for the captain, his eyes fixed on the man’s eyes.

That did it. The pleading of the corporal for his fuck juice could not be denied. The hot clenching ass, the boy’s flailing hand on his huge prick, the pressure in his own loins brought Brod to the peak and he fucked hard into the boy, shooting hotly, deeply, filling his willing ass with his manly cum.

“Yeah, take it, boy! Take that Marine cum! Fuckin’ hot ass filling full of man cream... up your fuckin’ ass, Corporal!”

“Yes, more, all you got, sir! Fill me up! My own matching yours... goin’ to shoot... cumming!”

One spurt of white fuck cream spouted strongly in the air from the massive prong in the boy’s clenched fist. The beauty, the excitement of seeing Guy’s huge cock discharge stirred Brod even in his climax. Without missing a stroke, he replaced the boy’s hand with his own and jerked Guy’s hard prick with his hairy fist. Again Guy’s cock spurted, but this time Brod sipped the fuck juice into his mouth, fucking his own cockmeat deep into the boy’s ass repeatedly. More fuck cream poured from the boy’s purplish cockhead, and Brod sucked the cum up like drinking from a fountain. He gushed his own cum into Guy’s hot ass.

“Ummmmm, sweet cream, nectar, Marine! Ummmmm, more, man, more cum in my mouth, man! My juice up your hot ass! Ummmmmmmm, sweet!” Brod moaned.

Guy could not sort out the various sources of intense excitement coursing through him; it was almost too much. The captain fucking his ass so beautifully and drinking his cum so deliciously was too much to believe.

And then he nearly collapsed, his weight sagging into the captain’s arms as his climax passed and he could only fall limply away.

“Yesssssss, man.” Brod smiled. “Relax now, beautiful little guy, fuckin’ hot Marine!”

Gently Brod allowed his softening prick to slip out and he tenderly moved the boy farther onto the desk. He replaced the cap which had fallen off during the last moments. For a time he stood staring down at the relaxed body, his huge cock shrinking gradually, Guy’s eyes closed, a contented smile on his handsome face. Then the captain again took his seat in the desk chair, quietly content to contemplate the corporal until the young man would be ready to return to his compartment.

Gradually he became aware of the ship’s increased pitching and rolling which should have been of concern, but there was a relaxed smile on the captain’s face.

CHAPTER NINE

A little after midnight, Ensign Danny Palmer, flashlight in hand, descended from the bridge on the routine below-decks inspection of berthing spaces. As an officer assigned to the midwatch as Junior Officer of the Deck, it was his duty to inspect the ship, look for possible fire hazards, and generally fill the time with some helpful activity while the Senior Officer of the Deck ran the ship. Danny had to admit that it was boring, almost four hours in the darkness of the pilot house, the only activity being the occasional adjustment of the rudder by the helmsman, the disinterested scanning of the radar screen by the radarman looking for fishing vessels or keeping track of the destroyers deployed in a circle around them. So he actually had begun to look forward to these surveys in the dark bowels of the huge ship.

The night was hot and close, but the ship was pitching more and more as the wind picked up. He decided to start at the bow and work his way to the stern, so his first target was the fo'c'sle sleeping compartment, a space occupied by part of the deck crew. Small running lights placed at corners and hatches lighted his way, but he needed the flashlight inside the compartments where the lights were usually turned off except for small red emergency bulbs.

The wind was clearly audible in the bow and a breeze swept through the space. The sailors were sleeping under sheets, not usually done in the other compartments where the temperatures remained high regardless of the weather. Occasionally Danny noticed an interesting bulge, obviously a hard-on tenting the sheet, but he hurried on, trying not to think about those throbbing cocks.

He moved aft, first through officer's country berthing space and then past the wardroom, the executive officer's office, and to more of the crew's sleeping compartments. Here it was hot and sticky, and even walking through the aisles between the two-tiered bunks brought sweat popping out under his arms.

The men were all sleeping nude, sprawled with legs spread wide, hairy chests and groins uncovered for maximum ventilation. And from many of

those naked groins stiff cocks reared their heated heads, reminding any who cared to look that they had been deprived of sex for too long. They were young and virile, balls producing cum continually, and they needed relief often.

Danny gulped as he spotted a particularly beautiful hard-on standing straight up and bobbing. He adjusted the flashlight beam to a tiny circle just large enough to spotlight the throbbing prickshaft and watched the cock throb for several minutes. Then the sailor, mumbling gruffly in his sleep, turned over and trapped the stiff tool under a hairy thigh. Danny moved on, keenly aware of his own hard-on stretching his summer khakis.

Next stop was the enlisted Marine quarters. One of the men was awake, apparently returning from some special assignment, undressing by his locker before going to bed. He was a corporal, rather short, about Danny's height, but dark and hairy, and as he dropped his pants Danny gasped at the size of the dangling prick which flopped limply against his thighs.

Quickly Danny moved on, his own excitement filling his throat.

His last stop was another deck division compartment near the fantail. As he walked through the dark room between the rows of bunks, he almost ran into an object at eye level which he could not see with the flashlight trained on the deck. It was a cock, a huge, stiff prick extending horizontally from the upper bunk. The sailor was asleep on his side, and the unbelievably long, thick cockpole naturally protruded into the aisle.

The prick was only a few inches away, almost exactly on a level with the ensign's mouth!

Danny shook with physical distress, an undeniable compulsion to touch, to caress, to kiss that beautiful cock.

Even as he gazed in awe, a tiny, transparent drop of pre-cum oozed from the tip and streamed to the deck on a hair-like tendril.

It was impossible for Danny to ignore that beautiful prick. Quickly he looked around with the flashlight beam to see if any of the sailors were awake. No one moved or spoke. Only deep breathing and snores were heard.

He switched off the flashlight, bringing almost total darkness to the room, but the image of that thick cockpole was indelibly etched on his memory. He moved forward only a few inches and extended his tongue cautiously.

The cockhead was hot and silken, the tip moist. Danny's tongue lapped a drop of pre-cum very gently, careful to only barely touch the sailor's throbbing prickhead. The fuck liquid was sweet, but the sensitive cockhead bobbed excitedly from the discreet contact. He must not wake the sailor.

Again he touched just the tip of his tongue to the tip of the sleeping man's prick and thrilled to the heat, the power, the total maleness of the awesome cock. The broad prickhead seemed to swell but did not twitch that time. Another drop of fuck fluid appeared and Danny lapped it up carefully.

And then the sailor moved. Danny was never sure whether it was a conscious movement or not, but the young man moved closer to the edge of the bunk so that his big prick hung out even farther. Then his balls rolled over the edge of the bunk, big, heavy orbs in a blond, hairy sac, appropriate for that giant prick. Danny's mouth watered with fantasies of slurping those balls into his mouth, but the man's mammoth cock was the real fascination.

Again Danny looked around the compartment, looking for any signs of awareness among the sleeping sailors, but there was no evidence that anyone was awake. The sailor in question was breathing deeply and regularly, and although Danny could not see his features, could tell that his eyes were closed, his face relaxed in repose. The only ones awake apparently were Danny and that huge prick which continued to beckon for well-deserved attention. As Danny stared in rapt awe at the throbbing cock, he hung the flashlight on his belt and extracted his own rigid prick, beginning to stroke his cock slowly. Again he was compelled to touch the hot prick-flesh.

Very gently, very slowly, he engulfed the entire throbbing cockhead with his mouth. The prick nearly filled his mouth with its pulsing massiveness and seemed to swell even more. Danny's knees shook, knowing that he was flirting with disaster, but he was unable to resist the compulsion. His own cock jerked powerfully in his grasp, and the sailor's balls moved up in their wrinkled bag, ready for anything. The sailor did not move.

The beautiful cockhead was in his mouth, but the sailor was still sleeping. Perhaps he could take even more, taste the thick prickshaft, experience that bulging cockhead in his throat. Cautiously he advanced farther down the prick-shaft.

Two things happened simultaneously. Randy awoke sufficiently to appreciate the moist heat on his cockhead and to want more, so he sleepily thrust forward into the welcoming throat. Also, the sailor in the bunk below Randy awoke to see a shadowy figure inches away, stroking a very stiff, very hot cock. Naturally he grasped the prick in a hairy paw, prepared to help out his buddy. The result was that Danny gasped, almost choking on the massive cockhead, and jerked in surprise from the rough hand on his own prick. He froze, mouth full of throbbing cock, his own prick throbbing in a stranger's hand. And then, after a strangled moment of fright, he felt a warm mouth gently sliding onto his cock, taking his prick in slowly but thoroughly, tongue moving sensuously, warmly caressing.

Danny had already been quivering with excitement and fear, but the exquisite feeling flowing from his thrusting groin scattered his balance to the winds. He almost bit the thick prick filling his mouth, but instead moved farther down the cockstalk until the prickhead filled his throat and he could go no farther. Again there was a thrusting, fucking in farther, knocking on the back of his throat for more penetration. Danny groaned, partially because the hot mouth below had taken him to his balls, swallowing his pulsing cockhead and licking, sucking his eager prickmeat.

Also he groaned in his frustration in not being able to take more of that huge prick. He tried and tried, but made only minor headway. Instead he moved back to the cockhead, then down again, and began to suck in earnest, encouraged by the throbbing and drooling of sweet pre-cum on his tongue.

The sailor below had fished out Danny's balls and now fondled them as he sucked. Danny wished he could reciprocate, but he could only handle the blow job at hand. He did begin to stroke the heavy balls hanging over the edge of the bunk, thrilling to their potency and power. And as the cock became slippery, he was able to take more, forcing the prick deep in his throat. Then he received some assistance. The blond sailor reached out a

rough paw and shoved on the back of Danny's head, forcing more of that powerful cock into his throat.

He's awake! Of course he's awake, Danny thought disgustedly, how could anybody sleep through a blow job like this? But there was certainly no resistance, only urgency in the sailor's reaction—he wanted to get his rocks off in Danny's throat. From the way the thick prong was throbbing, it wouldn't be long, either.

Randy began to moan softly and Danny froze again. Quiet, you fool! he shouted silently. But Randy only knew that he was getting a hot blow job and didn't care who knew it. The other sailors were all his friends, weren't they? The sailor in the bunk below had sucked him off in the shower only last night. He brought more pressure on the curly head in the overseas cap—overseas cap! That meant his cocksucker was an officer. Or maybe a Marine. No, it felt like Navy cloth. An officer sucking his cock?

But this wasn't the time to worry about who it was, only to enjoy how good the blow job was! True, the cocksucker couldn't take it all, but no one could, it seemed. It was Randy's misfortune to have too big a cock to be able to suck easily, but from his meager experience, it seemed that everyone liked to try. And that was OK with Randy. Even now his balls were pulling up, reacting to the fondling fingers but also preparing to dump their load into the officer's hot mouth.

As his senses rose higher and higher, he could not take it lying down any more. Suddenly he sat up, swinging his legs around to hang over the edge and, clasp the blond curly head to his straining crotch, fucked hard through the officer's full warm lips.

Danny was startled but thrilled by the obvious pleasure he was giving this Adonis. The sailor shoved down hard on his head, driving the huge cock into his aching throat, and then gushed his thick load deep as he moaned to the world. Danny choked and swallowed, loving the rich taste and texture of the creamy fuck juice and the roughness with which the cum was delivered. More and more of the sweet jism spurted onto his tongue and bathed his throat. Danny squeezed Randy's hairy balls to force out all the fuck juice for his starving mouth.

The sailor below, a buddy of Randy's from the West Virginia mountains, hearing the moan from Randy and the choking from the cocksucker, redoubled his efforts. Danny gulped and swallowed, but his own climax was approaching fast. By the time Randy was tapering off, the spurts changing to dribbles, Danny began to fuck and buck and a moment later splashed the sailor's mouth with a pent-up stream of lively cum. It was his turn to groan, a sound he could not suppress in view of the sweeping orgasm he was experiencing. The sucking sailor licked up and down excitedly, taking every drop of cum and hoping the flow would never stop.

But it did, before his own hand had brought his cock to the boiling point.

Even after Danny's cock had begun to dwindle, the sailor held it deep in his throat until he was ready to shoot his own wad. And then he groaned also as the flood swept in.

Danny knew what was occurring. As the sailor groaned, Danny pulled away and dove down on the stiff prick below, catching the first spurt of fuck cream which would otherwise have been wasted. Rich and thick, tangy and sweet! Hot sailor cum gushing with virile force into a masculine mouth!

The sailor held Danny's head down on his shooting prick with both hands.

He also felt the overseas cap and the single metal bar on one side, indicating the rank of the Navy officer.

When the stream stopped and the cock began to soften, the thought suddenly came to Danny, what now? How am I going to walk away from this as if nothing had happened? Will these sailors make trouble? Did we wake up the others?

Fearfully he raised his head, allowing the limp cock to slip out, ready for the worst. Immediately the sailor turned on his side, away from Danny. It was as if nothing had happened, and in any case, he didn't want to see.

Slowly, Danny straightened up to Randy's level. Randy was also faced away, his trim ass at the edge of the bunk, but lying quietly as if asleep.

Danny took the hint. He turned and silently left the compartment, stuffing his dripping cock back into his pants.

When he regained the bridge, he reported back to the Officer of the Deck.

“Any problems?” he was asked.

“No, no problems at all,” he said casually. “Everything seemed pretty ordinary and shipshape to me...”

CHAPTER TEN

Randy woke up refreshed, ready to tackle the day with the usual high spirits, especially after his beautiful and satisfying blow job in the middle of the night. But as the day wore on and he had more chance to think, the usually outgoing sailor became more and more worried. That evening he sought out Carl, but found him with the Chief Master-at-Arms. So he went to the library to talk to Mike; he had to talk to somebody. Finding him alone, he launched directly into his concern.

“There’s this Marine, see, and I really got the hots for him, and I think maybe he sort of digs me, too, ya know, but that worries me...”

“Worries you?” Mike responded. “Sounds great to me! So what’s the worry?”

“Well, you know me, I never did very much with guys, only you and Jim and Carl, and I’m afraid I won’t be any good for him, ya know, maybe I’ll scrape him with my teeth or something, ya know? In a bathing suit he looks like he’s hung like a horse, but I know you can’t really tell much by that.”

Mike stared at him, eyes wide. “You mean, that’s your big worry?”

“Yeah! And what if he wants to fuck me, in the ass, I mean... I never been fucked, and I’m not even sure I want to be, ya know, even by Guy.”

Mike began to laugh heartily at Randy’s frustration.

“What the fuck you laughin’ so hard for? It’s a problem, and I’m afraid he already thinks somethin’s strange with me. He gave me a pretty open invitation yesterday and I turned him down, ’cause I wasn’t sure I could handle it, I mean him, I mean his prick or whatever.”

Mike tried to sober up, realizing that to Randy these questions were all new and potentially serious. But Randy continued for one last sentence.

“But I really want to, I mean when I think about him I get a terrific boner, and I think of him all the time, and I really want to be good for him, ya know, if he wants me to, ya know...” He stumbled and stopped in confusion, his brow creased with worry.

Mike realized that the young sailor was really pouring his heart out, looking inside himself for the first time in his life, in love for the first time and not really understanding himself or the situation well enough to make sense out of his feelings.

“So what would you like me to do, Randy?” Mike asked soberly.

Randy looked at the deck somberly. “Well, what if you and I—I mean if you want to, of course—were to have sex and try some of the things that he might want to do to sort of give me some experience, confidence, ya know—what do you say?”

Mike smiled, more pleased than he wanted to admit.

“Hey, I’d be really pleased to, uh, give you some more lessons, if you really want me to. Although as I remember, you did some cocksucking that night with the three of us...”

Randy seemed to brighten. “I did, didn’t I? Was it really OK? And you got a nice big cock, too, Mike. But I think I ought to get some practice. I might gag or some dumb thing and ruin everything!”

Mike clicked the lock on the library door, and started to strip, watching Randy closely. Randy watched Mike’s hairy chest come into view.

“You got a lot of hair on your chest, just like Guy,” he commented. “I really like that ’cause it’s masculine, ya know. I don’t have much.”

“Come here, Randy,” Mike said softly, and Randy moved close.

“Start on my nipples.”

“Oh, yeah. He’d probably like that.” He tweaked both tiny nubs. “Kind of cute, ain’t they?”

Randy watched the little knobs grow and protrude under his awkward fingers, and heard Mike sigh as tiny shivers spread out across the chest.

“Suck ’em, Randy,” he breathed, and Randy immediately took one in his mouth.

“Use your teeth and your tongue. Gently!” He squirmed as the anxious sailor attacked with too much enthusiasm. Quickly Randy changed to a soft

approach, tonguing and lapping, bringing a low moan to his instructor's lips.

"Yeah... ummmmm..." Randy moved to the other nipple and treated it to the same technique.

"Yeah—now run your tongue up my chest and around my neck. Your tongue can be a real sexy thing when you use it right," Mike explained.

Randy did as he was told but it didn't seem to come off somehow. The husky rugged sailor was not really the kissy type, Mike decided.

"Well, uh, all right, Randy, never mind. Take my pants down!"

"Oh, yeah, here comes the good part," Randy responded, and quickly began to unfasten Mike's dungarees. Mike grinned, but Randy did not notice. He was clumsy, but finally he had the pants open widely and started to strip them down.

"Wait! Not so fast! Do it slow and seductive-like, don't just rip his clothes off of him! Lick the belly where all the hair is, and work your way down, slowly—yeah, that's right, uhmmmmm, yeah. And then gradually pull the pants down, exposing his cock..."

"Uhhmmmm, yeah, I see what you mean," Randy mumbled, inhaling the masculine crotch odor, lapping the crisp hairs, and slowly approaching the thick cock root being revealed.

Mike's eyes were closed and his hand rested on the sailor's head as Randy's thick tongue lapped his crotch. Then Randy's full lips closed around his throbbing cock, just the base, and his prick jerked hard.

"I can feel you throbbin', Mike—am I doin' OK?" He gripped the hard dick through the pants, anxious to proceed but not wanting to rush ahead and displease his teacher.

"Oh, Christ—you sure are, Randy—my knees are beginning to shake just waiting for your suckin' mouth..."

"Uh, is it OK? I mean, I don't want to rush you or anythin', but can I take your pants down now?"

"Oh, yes, yes, do it!"

Quickly Randy stripped them down and watched Mike's cock lurch straight up and bob excitedly as the restrictions were removed. Randy's eyes roved over Mike's thick prick, noting the tortuous, dilated veins twisting down his cockshaft with their assertion of power, the few dark hairs denoting masculinity, the darker prickhead slightly larger than the cockshaft. A thing of beauty, he decided. He couldn't wait to see Guy's! He knelt at Mike's feet, his own hard-on filling his dungarees.

Impulsively Randy grasped Mike's rigid cock and prepared to gobble his prick down. Although Mike was just as anxious for that union, he remembered his teacher role.

"No, no, Randy—take it slow! Use your tongue and just run it around the head first. Tease me a little."

Randy obeyed his instructions, but was beginning to tremble slightly from the postponement. But that big prickhead did taste good, and the whole cock bobbed and throbbed from the liquid fire of his flashing tongue.

"Oh, man, yeah," Mike sighed, his hips involuntarily thrusting forward. "That's a hot tongue, Randy. I can hardly wait."

Randy couldn't wait either. Suddenly he opened wide and dove down on the stiff cockshaft, jabbing the broad prickhead into his throat. And just as quickly he pulled back, choking from the gag reflex in his throat.

"Take it slow and easy," Mike cautioned. "Even an expert has to adjust gradually, Randy. Work your way down until you get used to it. Now try it again." He was really beginning to get into his instructor role.

Randy was happy to try again, but this time he took only the head, sucked that for a moment, then moved farther inch by inch, sucking and tonguing as he went. The saliva flowed as the taste and stiffness, the total masculinity, turned him on, made him forget the unfortunate beginning.

"Oh, man, hot mouth! Beautiful, Randy, my cock moving deeper in your hot mouth, your fuckin' tongue tantalizin', turnin' me on!"

Randy could feel the sailor's legs trembling as he wrapped his arms around the muscular columns and slowly consumed his cock. He thrilled to the rigid throbbing and the moans, indicating that he was successful in making his instructor happy, even with his awkward technique. And then he

hit bottom again, and again he gagged as the cockhead struck the back of his throat. He pulled back to get his breath, discouraged.

Mike was quick to reassure him. “Don’t worry about that, Randy. A lot of that is psychological, with a little experience thrown in. Maybe I ought to show you what I mean?”

Randy had ignored his own throbbing cockmeat uncomfortably restrained by his dungarees. But Mike’s suggestion was a good one. Randy rose and quickly stripped out of his clothes—this was no time for subtlety.

Mike gazed with awe at the blond sailor with bulging muscles, slim waist, and beautiful crotch with the huge prick, who seemed to be totally unaware of how beautiful he was to other men. His only concern was to be accepted by one man who probably didn’t deserve him at all. But that didn’t matter now; now there was the matter of sucking that huge prick and, incidentally, teach Randy how to do it, to satisfy this Marine creep, whoever he was.

Mike took Randy’s appetizing prick in both hands, leaving only the throbbing cockhead exposed. Tenderly he took that in, sucking and tonguing avidly, leaving plenty of saliva to lubricate his hands. This he spread down the prickstalk as he slowly progressed. Soon Randy’s entire cock was wet, both Mike’s hands twisting around his thick prickshaft as his tongue and lips moved up and down, taking in more and more but never forcing, always moving.

“Oh, shit, man, sucking my cock! Hot mouth and hot hands... as if your mouth is all over my prick all at once. Yeah! In your throat and then up... twistin’ your hands... bringin’ my balls up! I got to remember that!”

Mike shifted to the huge balls hanging below in their almost hairless sac.

Both hands stroking Randy’s huge cock, Mike took first one ball and then the other into his mouth, rolling them around, and then tried to take both at the same time. Too big! Instead he pressed Randy’s moist cock against his cheek and moved back toward the prickhead, his lips and tongue licking along the sides.

“Oh, yeah, man, hot tongue, hot suckin’ mouth. Mike, wait! Let me have you, too!”

Mike had almost forgotten that he was supposed to be teaching sex technique. Reluctantly he relinquished Randy's huge prick and led Randy to one of the leather couches.

"The next lesson will be on the fine art of sixty-nining," he explained.

Randy looked a little confused for a moment, then grinned.

"You mean, I suck you and you suck me? Sounds great!" He flung himself down on the couch and held up his arms for his buddy. Mike was almost as quick to join him.

"Just do as I do, Randy." Mike returned to the role of instructor. He gripped Randy's huge prick and pulled his cock to his face. Randy did the same.

"Now remember, first just the head, and then slowly down the shaft. And when you get close to the bottom, take a breath and keep going. Like this!"

Mike took in Randy's broad cockhead, thrilling to the hot mouth of his student. Sucking gently, he proceeded down, feeling his own cock sliding into Randy's anxious throat. Both bodies tensed in the mutual sharing, giving and taking, each responding to his own sensations as he sensed the other's. And even when the cockheads were lodged deep, there was no discomfort, only the thrill of accomplishment that each was able to bring the other guy happiness while at the same time reaching his own heights.

Mike was carried away by the exquisite feeling of Randy's deep throat, knowing that it was his first attempt, and he had chosen Mike as his partner. He put the thought of the phantom Marine from his mind. He felt his rush begin to sweep and his balls begin to churn under the pressure of the moment. He had to stop before he came, and so he pulled back.

Randy also reluctantly came up for air. "Beautiful, Mike! I did it, didn't I? Was that OK? Did I take it all the way?"

Mike was also gasping. "Great, Randy! Almost too good! I'm too hot, got to cool down or—do you want me to, uh, cum in your mouth?"

"Oh, sure, Mike, that's good! And I really want to take Guy's load. I bet it will be really sweet and tasty—like yours, of course..."

Mike grunted. "Uh, there's another thing, Randy. Let me show you."

Mike placed his arms between Randy's thick legs and pulled them back, rolling his ass up and spreading open his firm ass cheeks. The sailor's pink asshole seemed to wink at him. Immediately, Mike fastened his lips on that sensitive spot, kissing and sucking, then extending his tongue to lap the ass muscle tightly resisting.

"Oh, Christ, Mike, kissing my asshole... your tongue lappin' me... beautiful... oh, man, your face in my ass... never knew it could be so good... yeah, deeper..."

Mike could feel Randy's heavy frame trembling and tensing with this new sensation, and his massive prick pressed against Mike's chest, throbbing strongly. Mike spread his ass cheeks wider and attacked the opening almost violently, probing deeper, entering farther as Randy's ass muscles relaxed. Randy continued to groan and thrust against the invading tongue.

His movements ground his cock against Mike's hairy chest, adding more fuel to the fire.

"Oh, Christ, Mike, you're drivin' me wild! Fuckin' tongue up my ass, shovin' in deep! Your hairy chest rubbin' my prick! Mike, I'm gettin' close! I'm goin' to cum in a minute, Mike!"

Quickly Mike went back on the lurching cock, swallowing it deep, afraid he might miss a drop of fuck liquid. Randy also sucked in Mike's cock avidly, his desire enhanced by his own impending climax. Mike's thick cock thrilled him again and set off his juicy explosion.

With a mighty jerk, Randy's huge cock spurted its cum into Mike's hot mouth, filling it to overflowing immediately. Mike swallowed just in time to catch the next one, and the next, and the next. And then he matched the peak by squirting his own fuck juice into Randy's gasping mouth.

Both rugged bodies were stretched out in quivering rigidity, muscles bulging and straining against the leather couch. Both cocks jerked and spurted, the balls pulled up to empty their cum.

Randy tasted the sweetness while his own climax was rampaging through his body. He thrilled to the quivering muscles in the masculine

body he clasped tightly in his arms, the passion he could produce with his mouth and his tongue and his thrusting body, and the gift of cock juice he received. It was enough to blow his mind.

Mike wasn't Guy, but he was certainly great, he thought, as he began to taper off and his taut muscles relaxed in total satisfaction. Now if I can get him into bed somehow, and remember everything Mike has been tryin' to teach me...

CHAPTER ELEVEN

The next couple of days aboard the USS Folsom were tough with heavy seas and wind-driven rain topside. The destroyer escorts were in the most difficulty, taking water over the bow, and even over the bridge, depending on the course the captain chose. And he had an additional worry, the need to refuel even if it meant performing this tricky maneuver in the present heavy seas. The weather forecast reported no end in sight.

Brod was on one of his periodic inspection tours.

As he walked along the edge of the main deck, hanging onto stanchions and any other support available, he came upon a sorry figure leaning on the life line as if unable to support himself any more. As Brod drew close, he recognized him as a young naval officer, but not an acquaintance. The ship rolled a little more than usual, and for a moment it appeared as if the young officer would go overboard. Brod hurried to his side, braced himself against the stanchion, and wrapped his arms around the sagging figure until the ship had righted itself.

Brod bundled the officer to a bulkhead where they could be protected from some of the wind and spray, but one look at the drawn face, the blond hair wet and matted, and the blue lips made it clear that the young man needed something more than a temporary shelter from the elements. Impulsively, Brod picked up the slight figure in his brawny arms and carried him down the ladder to his office, placing him gently on the couch in his cramped office. He brought a towel and dried his face, noting the fine features, the bright blue eyes which flickered open and then shut again, and especially the full red lips which now were in distinct contrast to the pale skin.

Danny shivered suddenly, the air conditioning groping through his wet clothes with chilling fingers. Brod couldn't help noticing the unusually prominent bulge in Danny's crotch, emphasized by the wet khakis, but realized he would have to get him out of those wet clothes soon. He couldn't turn the air conditioning off, but he could deflect the cool draft. This done, he unbuttoned the shirt and stripped off the wet clothes with almost clinical detachment until Danny was nude. Still he shivered.

Brod's only solution was to wrap his arms around him, sharing the heat from his body. He should have taken him to his compartment but it was too late now. Then and only then did he notice the smooth blond skin, the slim but strong muscles, the broad, flat chest, and the thick circumcised cock set off with curly blond hair. His rough hands unconsciously caressed the satin skin so different from his own hairy, ruddy complexion. As he drew close, Danny's eyes opened, shedding their brilliance on the rugged features of the big Marine, softening his heart as no other eyes had ever done.

"Sorry I'm such a bother," Danny mumbled, his eyes opening wider.

"No bother at all, Ensign. Just relax and I'll try to get you warm."

"Please, the buttons," Danny murmured. Brod suddenly realized the buttons and belt buckle on his own clothes were digging into the young man.

"Oh, sorry, I didn't realize. I guess I'll just have to take them off."

Danny's eyes met Brod's directly. "That would be nice," he said softly.

Brod's head began to spin as he rose and quickly stripped to the skin.

Unbidden, his cock began to lengthen, and, as he returned to the couch, his prick swung ponderously against his thighs. As he gathered Danny in his arms again, holding him snugly in the warmth of his embrace, his thick prick came to rest between Danny's thighs. The Marine stretched out skin to skin, chest to chest, the blond head tucked under his chin.

"Is this better?" he asked softly.

Danny's answer was whispered into the hairy chest. "Ummmm, much!" And to confirm it, his thickening cock lurched against the Marine officer's belly.

This brought an answering throb in Brod's prick that finished the job of arousal. His nine inches was knocking on the door, but Danny was in no condition to answer. Brod tried to get his mind off the lecherous thoughts which immediately occurred to him. The boy was suffering from exposure and seasickness.

"My name's Brod, what's yours?" he finally asked.

“Danny. Ensign Danny Palmer, US Naval Academy, and I’m so ashamed!”

“Ashamed? Of what?”

“My first storm and I get seasick! None of the reserve officers are bothered, but I, from the Academy, am worthless when I’m really needed!”

Brod tried to soothe him. “It doesn’t matter, you know, there are lots of old salts who get seasick, especially in seas like those running now. This office is amidships so the movement is least here. Just relax and your stomach will soon settle down.”

Danny snuggled closer, wrapping his arms around the burly frame. “My stomach is much better now, but it is not easy to relax.”

“Oh? Why not?”

Danny’s tongue lapped a few chest hairs, and then touched the small brown nipple near his mouth. Brod tensed and his arms drew tighter, his cock beginning to throb from frustration.

“Because your broad chest is so warm and hairy, and your arms so comforting but yet exciting, and your huge cock is thrusting powerfully against me, and I really want you very much.”

“Wow,” Brod breathed. That was a very uncharacteristic remark for the rough Marine, more used to profanity than conversation, with more four-letter words in his vocabulary than most stevedores. And with that understatement, Brod’s life was permanently changed, for the overwhelming feelings of tenderness and protectiveness for the blond ensign seemed to wipe away years of callousness and selfishness and leave him almost a suppliant at his shrine.

“Wow,” he said again. “You’re so... beautiful.”

Without a word, Danny rearranged himself and turned away from Brod, still within the circle of his gentle embrace. Brod’s thick prick lay in the crease of his ass. As Danny squirmed and tensed his ass cheeks, Brod’s prick gouged hard into his ass. Still silently, Danny transferred some of his saliva to the throbbing cockhead, held it at his asshole, and slowly, very slowly, eased back.

Brod lay completely still, unable to move, to assert his will as he would normally. He was at the mercy of this blond God from the storm and he loved it! If Danny wanted his cock up his ass, that's where it belonged.

Whatever he wanted, that's what Brod wanted.

And at that moment, happiness for Danny was the growing concern of the big Marine, conquering all as was appropriate for the burly man of war. His huge prick entered so slowly and so deliberately that there was no pain, although there was practically no lubrication. Neither moved. There was no savage thrusting or invading, only a growing and extending inward until the heat of the stronger was merged with the beauty and light of the weaker. The connection was unbreakable.

"Hot. Tight. Beautiful." Brod was reduced to basics, unable to talk except to express the rudiments of his deep feelings for the beautiful man in his arms. Danny responded in kind.

"Thick, throbbing, masterful, my... conqueror."

Brod shook his head. "No, Danny, you are the one who has conquered me. Holding you like this, my cock inside you like this, I need you more than I can understand at this moment... I've never felt this way before about anybody. Your body in my arms... I want to hold you like this until... I don't know."

He groped for and found Danny's stiff prick which was jerking unattended against his couch. He held his cock almost reverently, seemingly for the first time actually experiencing the beauty, the smoothness, the hard-soft texture of a man's cock.

Danny stiffened, Brod's touch introducing a new factor in the equation. He had been completely content to lie in the man's brawny arms, his thick cock buried in his gut, but suddenly there were also his own masculine needs to consider. His cock tingled in his lover's grip, and slowly, tentatively, he began to clench and relax his ass muscles around Brod's pulsing prick.

Brod also stiffened as he felt his prick clasped and grasped in Danny's velvet fingers, heat and excitement beginning to spread through his rangy body. "Oh, yes," he sighed, his hips thrusting gently, answering the call for action but still calm and subdued.

“You fill me completely... no room for anybody else... no need for anybody else. Hold me tight while you fuck me, Brod.”

“Yes, fuck you gently, tenderly... but I want you to understand that you are mine and mine alone.” Brod moved firmly inward. “And when I am not there...” He withdrew several inches—“... you are empty.”

“Empty,” Danny replied, waiting with bated breath for his lover to enter him again, fill the void which would now always be there except when filled as he was being filled now. Brod moved back into the depths and Danny moved his hips in a small circle to plant Brod’s throbbing cockhead deep in his body.

“Full of love.”

“Love,” Brod said, a strange word from his lips perhaps, the Marine with a reputation for sleeping around, no roots, no close ties, just fuck and so long. But this was different... this was Danny!

“Fuck me, Brod, make me feel you hard and throbbing, hurt me if you want to, anything you do will be ours to remember, fuck me hard and long...”

So Brod began to fuck slowly with long movements, pulling almost all the way out until his broad prickhead struck Danny’s budding prostate, then slowly back in to plumb the depths. He still gripped his lover’s cock, stroking it in rhythm with his hip movements. After a few moments of this, Danny began to squirm and writhe, thrilled with the mastery his lover was exerting, thrilled that he could be the receptacle for Brod’s masculinity.

Brod’s huge cock moved in and out with a life of its own.

Soon Brod’s movements picked up speed, his fuck juices rising, the trim body in his arms eliciting unavoidable excitement. The thrusts gradually became lunges, Brod’s thick prick plunging, sweeping all else aside, asserting its possession of the willing slave. And Danny’s spirits met Brod’s midway, each thrust meeting an answering force, swallowing his stiff cock meat, relinquishing it with confidence that it would return.

Brod’s climax was unavoidable, a tidal wave greater than those waves beating against the ship in a storm. It swept him up and over the crest, his prick gushing into Danny with heat and fury, filling him to overflowing

with Brod's love, Brod's promise. Fucking hard and deep, each movement was a resolution of every uncertainty of the past, a pledge to the future. And Danny accepted it all, never hesitating, never looking back, welcoming the flooding power sweeping over him.

Even after Brod's big cock had quieted, the stiffness remained. Danny was content to lie in his lover's arms, filled with his cock, dreaming of the future. But then Brod realized that in his hand he still held a very stiff cock which was still unsatisfied. He knew what he wanted.

"Danny, I want you."

Danny stirred. "It is not necessary. I'm happy just like this."

"But Danny, I... that is, as much sex as I have had with men, I have never really sucked a cock. But I want to suck yours! I want you to fuck my face with that thick prick, shove it down my throat and cum in my mouth! I want your cum, lover. I want to suck you and drink of you, Danny!"

And with that, he gently pulled out of Danny's warm ass and easily lifted Danny above his chest, sitting him down in position to take him all the way. And Danny's spirit immediately responded to the new need. He gazed lovingly at the handsome Marine, his rugged face, his dark eyes pleading for understanding, his mouth open and beckoning.

Danny leaned forward and without hesitation inserted his cock between those quivering lips, moving in all the way. Danny did not hesitate to thrust strongly—he knew his lover could take anything he could give out. And that was what Brod wanted. He gazed up at Danny with love and respect, wanting to take all he could give, thrilled by the virility of his young lover. His lips closed around Danny's cockshaft tightly, wanting to experience everything, to be good for Danny despite his lack of experience.

Looking into his lover's blue eyes, eyes that promised everything, he managed to take him to the depths. Brod realized that he was no longer required to assert his total masculinity with his partner. Danny was a real man, and it was a pleasure to be able to give him joy, to watch his eyes sparkle as they had begun to do, to see the male forces within him rising with bubbling pressure, boiling to the critical point, twisting his face into a pleasure mask as he stiffened and began to spurt hot cum into Brod's gulping mouth. The thick cock thrust deep into Brod's throat, spraying his

sensitive flesh with hot lava, was his to enjoy, theirs to share because it made Danny happy, broadened the smile which lit up his handsome and beloved face. Brod swallowed repeatedly, fascinated by the happy and contented expressions that flashed across Danny's face until his peak passed and he fell forward, totally exhausted, completely drained.

Brod sucked Danny's softening cock until his breathing returned to normal.

Then he again stretched out side by side, clasping Danny close, absorbing love and contentment from the closeness. Although there was a terrible storm raging outside, in that room all was quiet and serene.

CHAPTER TWELVE

That evening, spirits were low because of the prolonged storm, and some dreaded the next day when refueling would have to be carried out despite the heavy seas. Conditions were about normal in the ship's library except that Jimmy was in sick bay with a sore throat.

One tall blond Marine in the library had caught Mike's eye when he asked for any body-building magazines, and he sat leafing through some that Mike had smuggled aboard until closing time, occasionally looking up at Mike and smiling. At closing time, the sailors left and Wilson started to leave, but Mike stopped him.

"Uh, by the way," he began as the tall blond rose to return to his quarters, "do you know a Marine named Guy?"

"Yes, why?" His voice was a low rumble containing a hint of a smile.

"Oh, nothing really. Someone mentioned him to me, that's all," Mike responded, trying to appear nonchalant. "What does he look like?"

"Oh, he's rather short and dark, a good body, like some of the body builders in those magazines. Among the company he's pretty well known..."

"Oh, why?"

"Well, nothing really, it's just that, uh, well, he's got the biggest cock in the company, hung like a Goddamn bull, that's all! He may not be tall but he's sure long!" Wilson grinned at the square-built sailor, his eyes dropping to his dungaree crotch.

Biggest cock in the company! Mike smiled to himself. If Randy and Guy ever get together, that should be the match of the century! Another march of the toreadors! But even as he spoke, his green eyes surveyed the tall Marine openly, especially the bulge in his crotch.

"I bet you don't do so bad in that department yourself!"

Wilson shrugged and gave his basket a little tug. "No complaints. You're built kind of square, too, like Guy. I wonder..."

They stared into each other's eyes for a moment, and then Mike strode to the door, closed it, and flipped the lock.

"No need to wonder... let's get down to it!"

The spark had been struck, the fire started to burn. With no hesitation, the men began to divest the other of his clothes with trembling fingers, baring first the chests that were beginning to heave with excitement.

As Mike exposed the Marine's broad blond chest, he understood the Marine's interest in body-building magazines. Obviously he was no stranger to weight-lifting. His pectorals bulged, the perfect settings for the short blond hair curling around his pink nipples. And when Wilson's shirt was eased off his frame, his shoulders and arms bulged with massive strength.

Wilson murmured approvingly as Mike's dark, hairy chest came under his touch. He pinched each nipple until they stood up proudly, and smoothed the crisp hairs between his fingers. He followed the pattern to Mike's navel which received a little extra attention, and then brought both hands to play to rid the square-cut sailor of his dungarees. Mike tried to unfasten the Marine's trousers, but Wilson gently pushed his hands away for the moment. He wanted to be the aggressor this time. Quickly he stripped down the last impediment, and Mike's cock swung rigidly upward right into the Marine's hands.

The Marine's blue eyes lit up approvingly. "Ummm, nice." He smiled, grasping Mike's prick with both hands, fondling gently. Mike gasped and stiffened, Wilson's rough hands stirring the simmering pot. And when the Marine grasped his balls with one hand while stroking his thick cock with the other, Mike began to moan and groan with increasing heat.

Wilson smiled down at the handsome sailor. "You like that, sailor? You're a real sexy guy!" Wilson enjoyed tantalizing him, watching his cock tense and throb, then letting him cool off, only to apply more heat again with his stroking and squeezing fists. Mike gritted his teeth, his eyes closed in surrender to the beautiful Marine.

Whatever he wants, thought Mike, anything! I'm his to command! But I hope he'll let me at his cock soon... have his naked body to hold and serve and love.

But still Wilson persisted, tugging harder and harder on Mike's congested balls, stroking his thick cock roughly after depositing some saliva in his hand. Mike leaned against the bulkhead, every muscle rigid from the exquisite pleasure-pain at the hands of the Marine muscleman.

Wilson knew when to stop. When Mike's breathing became rapid and his cockhead turned purple, nearly ready to explode, he backed off, leaving Mike teetering on a precipice of emotion. The sailor's green eyes flicked open, pleading.

"Please." His voice was almost a whisper. "Let me have you... please, please."

Wilson smiled at the boy begging for his body and stepped back. First he removed his shoes and socks, the heavy boots flung aside. Mike slipped to his knees, a suppliant for any favors the Marine would deign to bestow.

Holding Mike's gaze, the big Marine slowly unfastened his pants, dropped them to the deck, and stepped out of them, stripped down his skivvies, and then stood completely nude, towering over the trembling sailor like a colossus, muscles bulging, huge prick throbbing in its blond nest.

Mike stared in awe, shaking with desire for the towering Marine. Wilson's giant prick started Mike's saliva flowing, but there was so much else also that must be savored, served. Mike was learning the joys of the body slave, reacting in tune with the mild sadism revealed by his new master.

Mike reacted spontaneously and without thought of the consequences.

Suddenly he fell at Wilson's feet, beginning to lap the bare feet of his master. His tongue covered every inch, his nose inhaling the manly odor, before he began working his way up Wilson's thickly muscled legs. His teasing tongue touched every tendon, stimulated every nerve as he worked upward, and by the time he was licking behind the Marine's knees, the stalwart figure was beginning to tremble himself. Mike grasped one leg in both hands, pulling himself up as he licked the fine hairs curling on Wilson's bulging thighs.

"Yes," Wilson moaned, admitting for the first time that he was enjoying the service.

“Beautiful man... golden God... for me to serve,” Mike breathed, approaching the massive cock bobbing over his head.

“Serve... yes, but...” Wilson didn’t really understand himself what had developed or where this was heading. He only knew at that point that the husky sailor clinging to his body was perhaps the most important thing to happen to him in a long time. And as he watched Mike feast his eyes on his rigid cock, he knew that in Mike was the place his cock belonged—now!

Still reacting largely by instinct, Wilson grasped the sailor’s head in both hands and slowly, steadily filled his hungry mouth with his stiff prick, his thick cockshaft riding over teeth and tongue. Mike thrilled to the total possession taken of him, his body, his entire being. His master’s cock filled him, closed off his breathing, forced its way deep in his throat. No matter, it was right, it was to be cherished. It was his master’s right to require service, whatever he wished, and it was a privilege for the slave to obey, whatever the cost.

“Ahhhh, hot mouth, man... just hold it for a minute. Yes, move your tongue slowly... get used to my prick, ’cause it belongs there, deep inside you, sailor.”

Wilson began to fuck in and out slowly in very short strokes, mostly remaining deeply embedded. His huge cockhead stretched Mike’s throat widely and repeatedly, the Marine moaning with pleasure.

It had been a long time since Mike had been able to take a breath, but again it didn’t matter—his master’s happiness was the important thing.

But eventually Wilson noticed Mike’s flushed face and pulled back, allowing his gasping slave to fill his lungs and relax his jaw for a moment.

And then, “Suck my balls!” Wilson ordered.

“Oh, yes!” Mike first took them in his hand, hefting the heavy sac, and then began to lap them one at a time, then sucked each one into his mouth adoringly. Wilson pushed down on his cock, rubbing his prick against his slave’s straining face, smearing Mike with his own saliva and oozing precum from the pouting tip.

“Ummmmm.” Wilson loved to have his balls sucked. He spread his legs wider, and Mike’s head fitted between his massive thighs perfectly. He took

advantage of this by tracing back from the balls with his tongue, lapping the sensitive spot between balls and asshole.

“Ahhhhh, man,” Wilson moaned and spread his legs farther. Mike proceeded to his end target, the pink asshole, deserving service from the willing slave.

“May I... may I lick your ass, sir?” Mike begged the towering Marine as he hugged the massive thighs. He drooled from desire for that intimate connection.

“Eat it, sailor!” Wilson did not even recognize his own demanding, almost surly attitude, but it seemed appropriate for some reason with Mike. The sailor wanted to be ordered to serve, thrilled to the chance to worship, and both men found total satisfaction in the relationship. The sight of the husky sailor kneeling at his feet sucking his cock, licking his asshole, brought an entirely new dimension to sex and love which struck a hidden chord.

“Ummmm,” Mike moaned as he lapped the Marine’s tight ass ring, tasting the sweaty ass, inhaling the masculine crotch odors unique to his master. Then the ass ring began to relax and he probed deeper, trying to reach the inner center of his beautiful man-God, to experience the ultimate in closeness. As he attacked Wilson’s ass, he also stroked his own cock and fondled his heavy, moist balls.

“Yes, go deep, deeper... fuck me with your tongue!” Wilson spread his legs wide and leaned forward, opening his ass to the maximum for the struggling sailor. Mike’s semi-rigid tongue invaded, lapped, and withdrew, fucking over and over, deeper and deeper, until Wilson’s balls boiled. Mike had turned around to reach deeper between the man’s sculptured ass cheeks, and as Wilson looked down, Mike’s rigid prick was jerking between his hairy thighs.

Suddenly Wilson pulled up and away from Mike’s fucking tongue.

“Stretch out on your back!” he ordered, and Mike immediately complied. His head rested on the floor between Wilson’s feet, the mighty columns rising majestically over him to meet at Wilson’s beautiful crotch, his huge prick throbbing, his heavy balls dancing, and his juicy asshole

beckoning. As Mike gazed upward at the man he thrilled to serve, one hand moved to his own stiff cock and the other began to fondle one nipple.

Mike's hunky, hairy body, his thick prick standing straight and tall, his hands caressing in erotic excitement, brought Wilson even closer to his peak. Then he sat down directly on the face of his straining slave, his asshole exactly matching the sailor's mouth, his ass cheeks spread wide to allow the deepest penetration of his fucking tongue.

"Now eat it, slave! Shove your tongue deep, clean out my asshole! Your face belongs there, or wherever I decide! Pinch your tits—I want to see you play with your tits, slave! Show me how you like eatin' my fuckin' asshole!"

And as Mike redoubled his efforts on the Marine's dilating ass channel, he fondled his own nipples as instructed, pulling and pinching them to enhance the realism of this mind-bending event. And then he jerked as Wilson stooped to grip with a rough fist Mike's bobbing cock. The leaking cock fluid moistened the Marine's fist, and the total sensation turned Mike into a quivering mass of desire. The farther Mike reached up Wilson's hot ass channel, the headier the taste of his master, and the closer he came to the end point, the peak of passion building in his loins.

Wilson was also approaching that point. Mike's tongue reaching deep inside his ass and his throbbing cock swelling in his hand stirred his stormy emotions. He stroked his own prick with violent jerks, his purplish cockhead bulging and ready. And then it started! Mike's cock began to jet its fuck juice into Wilson's calloused palm, then overflow the gripping fingers and drip down to his heaving belly. Mike groaned a muffled cry, his face buried in his master's ass, but his body lurched stiffly, rigid with joy and convulsing with relief.

Wilson could hold back no longer. His own huge cock gave one strong spurt that drenched the hairy body of his slave before he stood up quickly, towering above him as he jerked his spurting prick. With a strangled cry, Mike grabbed his own cock, jerking out the rest of his thick load as his golden-haired master straddled him, deigning to deposit his cum on the face and chest of the slave on the floor below.

Thick white fuck cream cascaded from both thick cocks, flooding Mike's spasming body and pooling in his muscle creases. He felt bathed in masculinity, soaked in sensuality, graced by the Gods to receive his master's gift. A few drops landed in his mouth and he savored them on his tongue, reveling in the rich taste and texture.

But everything must end, and eventually those gushing pricks ceased their flow and began to soften in the relaxing fists. Wilson smiled down with love in his eyes at the hairy sailor covered with cum. Mike's green eyes smiled back with adoration and love for the beautiful man above. And then his mind reeled as his golden God stretched out his massive body squarely on top of Mike, the cooling cum gluing them together, and pressed his lips to Mike's in love and reward.

Their tongues lashed together, probing deeply into welcoming throats, and their arms gripped each other tightly, making ribs snap and hearts sing.

Finally Wilson pulled back and looked at Mike with a gleam in his eye.

"By the way, lover, what's your name?"

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Guy gripped the lifeline with white knuckles, hardly daring to breathe.

Randy was swinging from the support line between the two ships, and any minute he could lose his grip and fall into the raging waves between the vessels or be crushed between their weaving hulls!

Not only were they forced to refuel during the height of the storm, but also to transfer a sailor who needed an operation to the carrier where adequate medical facilities and personnel were available. Transfer of the patient was by bo's'ns chair and everything went well until the pale young man was swaying midway. Then the lines became tangled and could not be freed except by direct involvement. It was then that Randy, part of the deck crew responsible for the transfer, calmly stripped off his foul weather gear and went out to the weakening patient hand over hand hanging from the line only a short distance above the raging sea. Now he was untangling the line while supporting himself with one hand and one foot precariously wedged into the rigging.

Randy! Guy sobbed from fear and frustration that he could not help the rugged sailor. For days he had been trying to get up nerve enough to put it to the handsome guy outright, but never could screw up the courage. Now maybe there would never be a chance! At any moment Randy could slip and they would probably never find him in those wild waves. His fear was mixed with admiration for the feat the husky sailor seemed to be accomplishing, his wet body dangling in the constant salt spray, his muscles bulging with superhuman effort. Then and there Guy resolved to wait no longer before declaring his feelings for the tall blond and let the chips fall where they may, if only Randy could get back to him!

And then it looked like... yes... yes... the lines were free! Randy was shouting to the crew on the carrier, but his voice was totally lost in the wind and noise of the sea. But the crew began to haul on the line and the patient began to move slowly toward the carrier, leaving Randy hanging on the line to avoid fouling the line again. Only after the patient had been helped from the rigging could Randy be brought in. Guy was at the deck edge when he came across the last few feet.

Randy staggered and then slumped to the deck as soon as he was aboard. His arms felt as if they had been pulled from their sockets, and he was shivering, his wet clothes plastered to his body. A corpsman hurried to his side, asking him questions. Randy could barely make out the words, but waved him away, wanting for the moment to be left alone. Then there was a new voice talking directly in his ear and he summoned additional strength as he realized who it was.

Guy was almost in tears as he crouched beside the exhausted sailor. Randy looked up at him in surprise. "Guy! What's the matter?"

"It's you, that's what's the matter! You could have been killed out there, and then we would never... I mean... you fuckin' guy..." The sailor was beginning to shiver violently. With no thought of the consequences, Guy gathered the soggy young man into his arms to share his body warmth and comfort him. Several of the crew looked at them curiously, but said nothing. And then there was Mike by their side, directing Guy to take Randy to the library where he could rest and they could be alone. The Marine helped Randy up and nearly carried him below deck and to the deserted library. Mike showed Guy how to lock the door, winked, and was gone. He heard the lock click shut.

"Gee, Guy, I didn't mean to upset you! I had to go out there and clear the lines, or we would never have got that guy on board. But I'm glad you're here, really glad."

Guy forced himself to be calm. "First we got to get you out of those wet clothes and get you dry, Randy. And then we can talk if you like or... whatever. Let's get these shoes and socks and then the shirt..."

Quickly Randy was divested of his wet clothes and sat naked on the leather couch, shaking with chills. Guy found blankets used by one of the personnelmen. He wrapped one around Randy's shoulders and another around his feet and legs. He avoided looking in the sailor's crotch, although the compulsion was strong. Gradually the shivering stopped, and the blue color left his lips.

"Guy, you're all wet, too, from standing there in the wind and rain. You had better get under the blankets with me!"

Guy blushed, wanting very much to do just that. Randy looked deep into the Marine's eyes, trying to decide just how Guy felt about him. The Marine's eyes burned darkly, silently.

Suddenly Randy flung his arms wide open, the blanket flapping and falling off one shoulder. "Come here, dammit! I want you! I need you!"

Guy's face lightened, the decision made by Randy after all. He dashed to the sailor's arms, wet clothes and all, hugging the nude body to him with abandon. "Randy!"

It was impossible to squeeze into that moment all their repressed feelings, but the rib-cracking embrace was enough to settle many of the imagined problems each had conjured up.

"Guy, you're getting me all wet again! Take off your clothes!"

Quickly Guy stripped and then was embarrassed suddenly by his nudity.

Maybe Randy wouldn't like his body, short, dark, and hairy, and his cock was already giving him away, growing steadily longer after that initial embrace from the tall blond sailor. And sure enough, Randy's eyes were roving over his square body with its thick muscles, the crisp dark hair sprinkled liberally over his broad chest and muscular legs, and then settling on his cock which was already at half mast. Guy stood still, waiting for the sailor's reaction with bated breath. He met Randy's sparkling eyes directly.

"You're so fuckin' beautiful," Randy breathed.

Not the most gracious compliment, but heartfelt and most sincere. And it made Guy supremely happy! Again he rushed into Randy's long arms.

Randy opened his arms and legs to clasp the shorter man to him, but his huge cock, standing upright and throbbing between his legs, was almost crushed in the collision.

"Jee-sus," Guy gasped. "What a fuckin' pole! It's beautiful. Just like the rest of you! Can I have it?"

Without waiting for an answer he grasped Randy's prick in both hands, stroking his cock like a pet for a moment and then dropping his head to take Randy's cockhead in his mouth.

“Ughhhh,” Randy grunted, staring at the dark head sucking his cock. How many times had he fantasized that scene, jacking off gallons of fuck juice thinking about that very act of love with the handsome Marine?

Guy’s head whirled. Suddenly it was happening so fast! Randy was in his arms, his beautiful body open to him, aroused for him, his beautiful stiff prick fucking into his mouth just as he had dreamed. Randy’s flesh was salty from the dousing with ocean spray, but he could have tasted like shit—his prick would still have thrilled Guy with its hugeness, its stiffness, its almost outrageous masculinity. And Randy’s cock was his, his to hold, to caress, to suck hungrily as he knelt between the muscular legs of his beautiful sailor.

After the first frantic moments of gulping the unbelievable cock into his mouth, Guy settled down to do a good job, to worship the man and his perfect prick as they deserved. Patiently he began to force the broad cockhead into his throat, and finally had Randy’s prick lodged deeply, only to run out of breath and have to come up for air. But he gasped a lungful and went back, thrilling again to the massive cock meat as he gulped hungrily.

Randy was groaning and moaning, eyes open and staring at the dark head taking his cock, loving his cock, and perhaps even loving him! Gone were the moments of doubt about Guy, but there was still one important hurdle.

“Guy. Guy, it’s wonderful... your hot, hot mouth taking my cock, sucking it, man... but, uh...”

Gradually Guy stopped sucking and raised his head, worried.

“Wasn’t I any good for you? Gee, I... it’s so big... with more practice...”

Randy clasped the Marine to his brawny chest. “Guy, it was great. Perfect! It’s just that I want to do the same for you! And I’m not very good at it.” For the first time Randy grasped Guy’s thick prick rising from its dark fur. “Man, that’s big! It’s so beautiful, but so big! Let me try, OK?”

Remembering some of the lessons Mike had taught him, he did not tackle the entire prick at once. Instead he took only the cockhead first, thrilling to the sweetness and the throbbing in Guy’s excited prick. That was

so good that he immediately took another two or three inches, and again loved the thickness, the strength, the pulsing power. Randy moved back to the head, his tongue moving constantly along the midline, took a deep breath, and plunged all the way down to the base, swallowing that entire prick with no difficulty at all! Huge dark cock down his throat, lodged exactly where he wanted, needed. Dark and handsome Guy, allowing him to suck his beautiful cock, and Randy taking his prick avidly, giving Guy a good blow job, whatever the cost!

Guy stiffened with delight that the handsome sailor could take all his cock... would want to take it. His mouth was so hot and sweet, just as he had imagined. But then he twisted and managed to swing around to reach Randy's big cock, slurping most of his prick into his mouth quickly. Then they were sixty-nining, closely clasped together on the leather couch, their hands roving over the other's body in love and admiration.

Randy had a desire for Guy's large balls which touched his nose with each downstroke. He shifted to them, lapping and sucking hotly, anxious for their future load. Guy moaned and rotated his hips forward to experience Randy's hot lips most directly. And then Randy's eyes shifted beyond and his brain whirled. Why not? Other people did it! It felt damn good, he knew, and he was sure that Guy would like it. This was Guy!

Without any reservations, Randy moved back to first lap then kiss the tiny dark asshole of the handsome Marine. Guy grunted and fucked his hips to Randy's face, loving the hot lips and tongue, then struggled to reach Randy's tender spot to give him the same treatment. The cock sixty-nine had become an asshole sixty-nine, but still they gave and received equally, avidly, intensely.

Since this was Randy's first experience, he had to follow Guy's lead. When Guy stiffened his tongue and probed straight in, Randy did the same, and was rewarded by a relaxation of the ass muscle ring and more of his lover opening up to him. He could taste the inner sweetness, sense the inner heat of his muscular lover. As he persisted, the secret channel opened up more and more, his tongue reaching deeper and deeper, closer and closer to the very heart.

Guy bucked his hips to the hot mouth, a tingle beginning to spread from the center outward, and then the tingle became a warmth and then heated

up, Randy's tongue paving the way, opening the door. Guy knew what he wanted.

"Randy?"

"Uhmhhh?" Randy did not want to leave the delicious asshole opening up for him. His tongue continued to probe and thrust, his fists spreading Guy's firm ass cheeks widely.

"Randy, will you fuck me? Please fuck me! Shove that huge prick up my ass, fill me with your hot meat! Please, Randy!"

Guy's request may have been the only thing which could have separated Randy from that tasty ass. "Oh, yeah, Guy... eh, yeah, may I? Will it, uh, be OK? I don't want to hurt you... I love you."

There, he had said it! He hadn't meant to, not yet, but there it was.

Never could keep his big mouth shut! Now what would Guy think of him?

Beautiful, sexy Guy.

Guy stared at Randy for a minute, his heart stopping. He couldn't handle that right now, he quickly decided, because he felt—what did he feel?

"All the more reason," he said quietly. "I want to belong to you, stud, and that means I need to feel you possessing me, filling me, pushin' everything else aside, your prick in my gut. My ass aches for you. Please fuck me. Now!"

Randy quickly scrambled around into a better position. "Oh, yes, Guy, I want to be deep inside you. You are inside my brain whether you realize it or not, and I want to be inside you in any way I can get there. Fuckin' your ass would be just about the greatest thing I can think of!"

Guy was trembling with anticipation. "Use lots of spit, Randy. Your huge prick'll split me wide open otherwise!"

"Am I too big?" Randy had been worrying about that for some time.

"Shit no, I love it! But you got to be careful, stud."

Both supplied saliva for Randy's thick prick and Guy's relaxed asshole, and then Guy held Randy's beautiful cock at the portal to his ass. "Now push easy, Randy, but keep pushing regardless of anything, understand? Yes, that's right—uhhh!—through the sphincter, now harder... oh, yeah, oh, yeah, ahhhhhh!"

Randy's giant prick entered the trembling Marine and won the battle by clearing all obstacles from its path. Guy's face, wreathed with smiles, mutely testified to his surrender to his stud sailor when Randy's heavy balls pressed against his asshole and Randy's blond pubic hair kissed the dark hair in his quivering ass crack.

"Oh, man, my man, beautiful man, hot ass gripping me, taking me all the way. Do you really like it, Guy? Is it good for you?"

"I'm full of you, your huge prick deep inside, throbbing with power, taking me completely. It's so good, Randy, so fuckin' good... now fuck, fuck hard... shove it to me as hard as you want! Make me yell for mercy, but fuck me!"

And Randy fucked, his loins fucking harder and harder as he watched Guy's beloved face for signs of discomfort. But there was none, only ecstatic happiness welling up, bubbling over, until Guy burst into choking laughter with the enormity of the joy he felt.

"Fuck me, fuck me," he choked. "I will come at the same time... squirt my cum over you as you give me yours deep inside. Please fuck me, cum in me, Randy, lover! Randy, I love you, love you!"

Randy had picked up his rhythm as the voice of his lover urged him on. And as the Marine's voice rose higher and his fist flailed his thick cock savagely, Randy's fuck juices boiled high, bursting through to gush hotly deep in the Marine's ass.

With the first jet, the huge Marine prick also spilled over in a white torrent, splashing Randy with its hot stream of cum.

Randy immediately stooped and managed to catch the throbbing, spurting cockhead between his lips without missing a stroke. He swallowed the tangy cum as he filled his lover with his own. With that even exchange, the two lovers sealed their fate, cemented their pledge each to the other, no longer afraid to love, but loving unashamed and unfettered, man to man.

It was after nine P.M. when Randy knocked on the library door.

“But the sign says it’s closed, stud,” Guy said uncertainly.

“Don’t worry, somebody’s there, I’m sure. We got a special invitation and...”

The door opened wide and a grinning Mike stepped back, inviting them in.

The library was not only open, it was almost full of people! Mike made the introductions.

“Men, for you who don’t know them already, this is Randy from one of the deck divisions and his lover, Guy, obviously a jarhead from our own Marine detachment. And, since rank still has its privileges, may I introduce first Captain Broderick, Guy’s commanding officer and, I understand, former intimate friend—ahem!—and his lover, Ensign Danny Palmer.”

There was a sudden intake of breath around the room as Mike used the word lover, but he pretended to ignore it.

“And here we have a man we all know and love, our esteemed Chief Master-at-Arms and his lover, Carl, gunner’s mate third. Carl used to be one of the more, uh, promiscuous members of our little community, but those days are over, right, Carl?”

Only slightly embarrassed, Carl squeezed the chief’s knee who nodded firmly in agreement.

“And last but certainly not least, my own lover, Greg Wilson, whom you also know, Guy, from previous, ah, association.”

Everyone but Mike wore expressions of more or less uncertainty at this point, so Mike finally explained.

“It must be some sort of record, I think, even for a carrier. We haven’t even reached Hawaii yet and already we have four pairs of lovers who met on this ship. It seems that I was a sort of central figure or ‘uncommon’ denominator and the only one who really knows the story about all of you.

And I think it’s great that you men are going to share your lives. But I also know it is difficult for some of you at least to be together privately when we’re at sea. And so I want to offer you the hospitality of the library

here for your enjoyment. I'm sure we can work out a schedule so everyone can have a few hours alone with his lover at least a couple of times a week."

"What about Jim?" Randy asked.

Mike sighed. "Unfortunately Jim will be leaving the ship in Hawaii. What we thought was a sore throat turned out to be hepatitis, and Jim will not be going on the cruise. Someone he ate in San Francisco, probably."

The library phone rang shrilly. Mike answered and then handed the phone to Brod. "The captain," he whispered. Brod scowled but took the phone. The familiar gravel voice began immediately.

"Hello? Oh, ah, Captain—had a hell of a time tracking you down—what are you doing in the library anyhow? Oh, well, no matter. I wanted to mention that, since the storm has now abated and our fuel problems are over, and we have a little time before we reach Hawaii..."

Brod felt sure fingers on his trousers and looked down to see Danny opening his fly.

"... it occurred to me that it might be interesting to alternate blonds and brunettes in the sidemen lines..."

Brod shook his head at his lover, but Danny persisted. Brod looked around at the others and gasped. Wilson's cock was deeply embedded in Mike's hungry mouth, and the big blond was pushing his happy slave's head down hard on that rigid rod. Randy and Guy were in a tight embrace, each stroking the other's stiff prick protruding from the uniforms. And, perhaps most surprising, the Chief Master-at-Arms was on his knees to Carl, taking instruction on the fine art of cocksucking.

"... Now I've already had, uh, I mean interviewed, about fifteen blonds, and now I'm in the mood, that is, I think it would be indicated now to try some brunettes. You must have about fifteen or twenty tall, muscular brunettes, don't you..."

Brod lay the phone on the desk and ran his fingers through his lover's blond curly hair as the ensign sucked the Marine cock deeply into his throat.

THE END